

FIFTY CENTS

DECEMBER 20, 1971

TIME

**The Bloody
Birth of
Bangladesh**





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LETTERS

Unanswered Questions

Sir: Ted Kennedy on TIME's cover [Nov. 29] and "Could He Win in '72?": It is really an American tragedy that such a man could be even considered for President.

If people forget so quickly the many unanswered questions of Chappaquiddick, then democracy is indeed finished.

SUSAN S. COFFIN
Scottsdale, Ariz.

Sir: No single individual has the capacity to unite our country today; however, Senator Edward Kennedy comes closest.

I hope that his eight-year appointment with destiny will begin this decade.

CHUCK TAIT
Houston

Sir: My heart goes out to Senator Kennedy; my vote, never! He too is the victim of a terrible accident. I wish him peace of mind. Americans are for the most part compassionate people and bear no ill feeling toward the youngest Kennedy brother. I know I don't. I just don't want another Kennedy in the White House.

MARGARET MCCARTHY MCEACHERN
Beaufort, S.C.

Sir: I must protest your lengthy story on the "non-candidacy" of Ted Kennedy. I counted and read six full pages of empty sentences about the Senator. Also mentioned (once more) was the popularity of Kennedy with the younger generation. I am a high school student, but I see only a façade of the Kennedy face. Ted Kennedy is merely a boy masquerading with the face and accent of an honorable family that before has produced real men.

BARBARA J. VERVILLE
Tulsa

Hardhat v. Intellectual

Sir: If there was bad taste at the Bal Harbour meeting of American labor [Nov. 29], it was not from the forthright Mr. Meany, but from the President, who demagogically sought to pit hardhat against intellectual.

PHIL CLARK
Chicago

Sir: I never expected to find myself on the side of George Meany, but to anyone with an understanding of economics, it is ridiculous to try to make big labor unions a whipping boy for inflation. The money supply, the only cause of inflation, is controlled by Government. Wage and price controls to combat inflation are useless.

A. LYNN PORTER
Houston

Sir: The events of the past few weeks have provided Mr. Meany with a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to fulfill the promise of his past accomplishments and become the statesman that labor so desperately needs. Regrettably, he chose not to seize that opportunity, proving once again by his childlike performance the business maxim that a man should retire at age 65.

G.I. PLATT
New York City

Macomber on Thomas

Sir: Whenever a person takes his own life, it is a great tragedy. It is deplorable, therefore, that in your recounting of the tragic case of Foreign Officer Charles W. Thomas [Nov. 15] and in describing the

Foreign Service personnel system, the record has become so distorted.

That Mr. Thomas was the victim of a misfiled report is untrue. After the report in question arrived in Washington, it was part of Mr. Thomas' file every time a promotion panel could have considered him for promotion. The brief period it was misfiled was thus irrelevant to his failure to be promoted. Given the competition that Mr. Thomas faced, it is no derogation of this able officer that none of the panels reviewing his record during his eight years in rank recommended him for promotion.

Contrary to what you stated respecting another Foreign Service officer, Willard Brown, he was not selected out and was considered for promotion every year. In fact, he was given an extra year to win promotion since one panel did not have his complete personnel file. (Mr. Brown was recommended for promotion last year, and has the option to return from retirement as a Class I officer.)

I am concerned by your condemnation of Howard Mace. Congress has established the requirement for the selection-out system in the Foreign Service. Mr. Mace takes his guidance for the administration of this system from the Director General of the Foreign Service, who in turn takes his guidance from me.

A particular disappointment was that you failed to mention that the Department of State is in the midst of the most far-reaching modernization and reform effort of its history.

WILLIAM B. MACOMBER JR.
Deputy Under Secretary
of State for Administration
Washington, D.C.

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Head-On Collision

Sir: The obvious solution to the small car v. big car in head-on collisions [Nov. 29] is to eliminate the big cars, having everyone drive small cars. And think of the progress toward solving traffic congestion, pollution and the run on our resources.

JIM ROBERTSON
Berrien Springs, Mich.

Sir: Do you think I could possibly get my insurance rates lowered if I bought a locomotive?

TOM SMULL
Bethlehem, Pa.

Dispatching the Rats

Sir: Sorry to dispute the World Health Organization people on the effectiveness of cats as rat catchers [Nov. 29], but I discovered a rat in my basement last night and while I was setting traps and spreading warfarin, my obese Siamese and tiny Abyssinian located the rat, pulled it out of its hiding place and held it down while my husband dispatched it with an old fencing foil. WHO can keep its baits. We'll bet on untrained cats such as our own.

MRS. JAMES LUCAS
Mineral Ridge, Ohio

Sir: You overlooked the most hopeful development that has appeared to date—the discovery by Dr. A.J. Stanley and co-workers at the University of Oklahoma of a mutant gene which confers sterility upon male rats. After mating with a male possessing this gene, the female refuses to mate again during a period of pseudo pregnancy. Introduction of these males into a colony of wild rats has been shown to greatly decrease the reproductive rate of the colony of rats. The expense of such a method is less than that involved in present efforts.

CHARLES A. WINTER
Salford, Pa.

Tired Flesh

Sir: In your story "Insurance: A Fat Policy" [Nov. 22] several words were used—fatties, mountainous and hippopotamite—that are indicative of the lack of common courtesy afforded fat people. You have no idea how this ubiquitous attitude has destroyed us and has rendered the "jolly fat man" the most depressed, deprived, depraved and desperate human being in existence.

I am only 19 years of age, but I am old. My 300 lbs. of flesh are already tired.

BERTINO MARRO
New York City

What the Bishops Said

Sir: Did the U.S. Catholic bishops in their call for an end to the Viet Nam War [Nov. 29] really say "whatever good we hope to achieve through the war is not outweighed by the destruction of human life . . ." I would think that "not" should read "now."

(MRS.) BETSY W. PITHA
Lexington, Mass.

► It should. It was a typographical error.

Quid Pro What?

Sir: In your Nov. 29 review of political campaign contributions, you cite three examples of quid pro quo: 1) dairy farmers'

self-interested donations linked to an increase in milk-support prices; 2) a bribery attempt to dismiss fraud charges; and 3) my proposed 1968 donation (never given) to Hubert Humphrey if he could promise an early end to the war in Viet Nam.

By listing jointly examples of financial opportunism, bribery and altruism, and failing to distinguish between them, you do a grave disservice to those of us in the U.S. who spend our money to express a point of view that we believe to be for the good of our nation—which has no selfish motivation whatsoever.

STEWART MOTT
New York City

Pope John as Nuncio

Sir: Your Nov. 22 issue says that the late Pope John XXIII was Archbishop of Paris, Angelo Roncalli, before his election to the papacy as John XXIII, served as apostolic nuncio to France with the title of archbishop. But he was never Archbishop of Paris.

(THE REV.) G. RALPH DUFFY
Washington, D.C.

For Man of the Year

Sir: For Man of the Year: the American P.O.W.

MIDSHIPMAN RICHARD ROLLINS
Annapolis, Md.

Sir: My choice is Bobby Fischer—simply because he is the first person who could convince the rest of the world that some of us Americans actually are fully capable of celebration.

ROBERT P. STRENIO
Eric, Pa.

Sir: My nomination for TIME's Man of the Year is he whose name has been on the lips and in the hearts of more people in 1971: Jesus Christ.

DARTHE J. TWOMEY
Los Angeles

Sir: The rebels and refugees of Bangla Desh. Clearly, their suffering has affected the whole world, and reignited the fires of war on the subcontinent.

ROBERT A. LEWIS
Winlock, Wash.

Sir: We nominate the Emancipated Woman for Woman of the Year for helping us to re-examine our attitudes and values, our actions and roles.

MR. AND MRS. ARNOLD ROSS
Detroit

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TIME, DECEMBER 20, 1971

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It's how the Merrie
Olde English
keep their
gin up!



Let down on the crackling dryness, the delicate flavour of Gordon's Gin? Especially during Christmas? Never! Every bottle is based on Mr. Gordon's original 1769 formula. So you pour a drink that's dry as Scrooge all holiday. A fanatic devotion to our discoverer? Perhaps. But then, anything less wouldn't be the spirit of the season!

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We've reserved a hospital room for you in Coshocton, Ohio.

Chances are you've never been in Coshocton. Or Okeechobee, Florida. Or Comfort, Texas.

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What would happen if you had to be admitted to a hospital so far from home? As a Blue Cross member, you'd find arrangements had already been made for you.

We recognized years ago that people get around a lot. So we developed what we call the one card system. This means that all of our 75 local Blue Cross Plans agree to accept the others' members as if they were their own.

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It's nice to know you've got friends in places like Coshocton, Okeechobee, and Comfort. Even if you never get there.

BLUE CROSS
74 million Americans strong.
And growing stronger.

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
Dec. 20, 1971 Vol. 98, No. 25

THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

The U.N. Delusion

War was the agony from which the United Nations was born. Chartered in 1945 to keep the peace, the U.N. has become to many a cruel delusion. This has rarely been more evident than it was last week as the U.N. debated the India-Pakistan war. While thousands were being killed, the U.N. floundered through 26 hours of procedural arguments, five stillborn resolutions and shrill big-power confrontations, including two Soviet vetoes. As the interpreters buzzed

CHICAGO TODAY PHOTO



MRS. MARY ALICE NELSON
Praying for a clean city.

the long-winded, angry or pompous phrases, spectators could visualize so many bullets, so many wounds per word; simultaneous translation accompanied by simultaneous death.

Although no one in the world community doubts the contributions of the U.N.'s humanitarian agencies, the U.N. can never fulfill its peace-keeping role as long as it is merely a collection of sovereign nations subject to big-power veto—which is what it obviously is destined to remain. At best, the U.N. can shorten wars and arrange precarious truces. Lately it has not even been able to accomplish that. The comforting cliché about the U.N. is that it is better than nothing, that at least it provides a place where belligerents can talk. That

remains true, but the comfort is wearing thin. The trouble is that one keeps thinking of it as a separate entity with a conscience and the power to act; that fallacy keeps arousing false hopes.

Equality for Christmas

At the top of the liberated woman's Christmas list is a cheap (\$1), durable (lifetime guarantee!) and novel (hardly any other woman has it!) gift idea from California. In advertisements across the state, the Women's Equalization Committee urges California husbands: "Give your wife equality for Christmas." Under California law, husbands are given control over property that they and their wives own in common. A Los Angeles couple decided to correct the inequity and set up the Women's Equalization Committee. Their ads ask husbands to send a dollar for a legal form that gives their wives an equal voice in managing family property. Within two weeks, the one-couple committee received more than 1,200 letters, all but four enclosing a dollar for equality.

Demon Rum in Evanston

Even in 1851, Chicago was too toddling for the stern, teetotaling Methodists who founded Northwestern University. So they located their new school to the north, and then secured its purity by forbidding the sale of liquor within a four-mile radius of the campus. Evanston, the town that grew up around the university, thus became so dry that the Woman's Christian Temperance Union felt safe enough to make Evanston its national headquarters.

But times change, and Evanston city officials have wearied of watching local folk flock to bars, restaurants and hotels just outside the city limits. A proposal ending prohibition is expected to pass the city council this month. To stimulate business in downtown Evanston, the city is letting demon rum flow into the W.C.T.U.'s preserve.

The heiresses of Carry Nation are not giving up easily, however. National W.C.T.U. President Mrs. Ruth Toozee warned: "The shadow of the saloon is lengthening over Evanston. Soon our streets will be filled with drunks. Mrs. Mary Alice Nelson, a sympathetic teetotaler, pleaded: "Preserve our city, our beautiful city, so my grandchildren will have a clean place to live." The W.C.T.U. has organized groups to pray for a dry Evanston.



TRUDEAU



MÉDIC



SATO



HEATH



POMPIDOU



BRANDT



COLOMBO



CAETANO

Assurances for allies.

Fast Drawing Account

The casual customer at Dallas International Bank might be forgiven for thinking he had stumbled onto the set of a western movie. In the lobby, men stalked about brandishing shotguns and fistfuls of ammunition. But instead of taking money out, they were putting it in. The bank was giving away shotguns to anyone taking out a 24-year certificate of deposit for \$1,800.

The strange gimmick was merely a Dallas variation on schemes that have rewarded depositors with toasters and transistor radios. Tellers are busily handing out shotguns, presumably with instructions not to load the guns until safely outside.

The Meetings Are the Message

RICHARD NIXON's latest exercise in personal diplomacy moves this week to a site of isolation and simplicity: a nondescript town hall in the Azores, a chain of volcanic specks in mid-Atlantic 2,400 miles from Washington. The two days of talks that he will hold there with France's President Georges Pompidou begin a round of summits that will continue into the new year.

Nixon's strokes of foreign policy have done nothing to diminish his drawing power in the world's capitals. When the White House announced his forthcoming summits with the leaders of four key allies—Britain, West Germany and Japan, as well as France—the result was something like a global diplomatic stampede. Governments in Latin America, Asia and even Africa began sounding out their chances of making the list. Canada's Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau demanded an invitation by telex—and got the White House O.K. within an hour. Italy's Premier Emilio Colombo also got Nixon's nod. Portugal's Premier Marcello Caetano made the list only because the Azores is Portuguese territory. When Brazil's President Emilio Garrastazú Médici arrived in Washington last week, he found his long-scheduled courtesy call upgraded to two hour-long sessions with the President. After the White House finally closed the appointment calendar, there were cries of protest from some unsuccessful summit seekers, notably Mexico and South Korea.

In a way, the rush made little sense. No burning crises divide the President and the men on his summit calendar. Administration officials say that the summits are "not a carefully constructed scenario," that they happened "by osmosis." The purpose of the sessions is not to hammer out agreements, but simply to be noticed. The meetings themselves, a McLuhan-minded diplomat might say, are the message.

Visibly Active. The message is aimed at a variety of audiences. One is the U.S. electorate; the encounters give Nixon a legitimate chance to move into an election year as a visibly active President. The other audience is the U.S.'s allies; the summits enable Nixon to assuage fears that he may make deals over the heads of the U.S.'s friends in Europe and Asia when he meets Chou En-lai in February and Leonid Brezhnev in May. "We are not going to Peking and Moscow as a broker for our allies," says White House Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler, "but we will have their views in mind as we formulate our positions." A State Department official points out that the meetings will "teleglyph to the boys in Moscow and Peking, however gently, that the Western world is not in disarray."

Making that telegram convincing will be Nixon's most difficult task. The Group

of Ten monetary experts who will be meeting in Washington this week for yet another try at resolving the four-month-old economic crisis can testify that the West is not as closely knit as it might be.

So could Canada's Pierre Trudeau. The 10% import surcharge that Washington sprang on its trading partners last August has hurt Trudeau; his political standing has been damaged by Canadian unemployment, hovering stubbornly at 6.6%, and by a steadily growing anti-American opposition. During his day of talks and dinner with Nixon last week, Trudeau's basic question, as one of his aides put it, was: "Are you going to push our heads under water each time we manage to surface?" Trudeau got presidential assurances that the surcharge was not permanent. Nixon compared Canadian dependence on U.S. capital to American dependence on European investment before World War I. The U.S., said Nixon, "would do nothing that would make Canada feel it was a colony of America." It was not much to cheer about, but Trudeau made the most of it. "I've changed my mind about the U.S. attitude," he declared. With an eye to his Canadian audience, he said that Nixon had "recognized the entire freedom of Canada."

The other major personalities and problems Nixon must deal with:

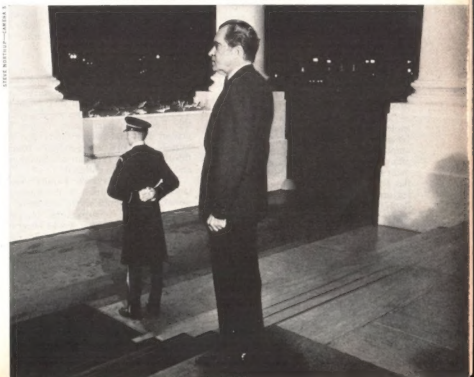
POMPIDOU. The French have been the most stubborn opponents of Treasury Secretary John Connally's bare-knuckle effort to use the 10% import surcharge to press the U.S. case in the monetary imbroglio, and Pompidou is sure to ask

Nixon to give in and settle the crisis soon. But the two men share a deep mutual respect, and their session should be amiable. Nixon will be interested in Pompidou's impressions of Soviet Party Boss Leonid Brezhnev (tough, dogmatic, not at home in foreign affairs) and of his tour of Russia last year ("Ten days was certainly too much," Pompidou says. "Six at the most").

HEATH. In private, Britain's Tory Prime Minister Edward Heath has spoken acidly of Washington's role in the monetary crisis; he scoffs that the U.S. believes it still has the West on a leash. More than any of his NATO allies, Heath is suspicious of Soviet moves toward *détente* in Europe. At Bermuda, he will warn Nixon not to get trapped into any unintentional commitments in Moscow on reduction of NATO and Warsaw Pact troop levels; he may also ask Nixon's aid in his attempts to get France back into the European defense effort. Nixon will be pleased, however, to find that Heath believes in a "natural relationship" between Britain and the U.S.

BRANDT. West Germany's Social Democratic Chancellor Willy Brandt traveled to Oslo last week to pick up his Nobel Peace Prize. Nixon's first task is to assure the *Opolitik*-minded Germans that he will do nothing in Moscow to bollix up Brandt's own efforts to broaden a dialogue with Russia and Eastern Europe satellites. Brandt will want Nixon's assurances against a precipitous withdrawal of any or all of the 215,000 U.S. troops in West Germany, which are a vital factor in his dealings with the Soviets. Above all, Brandt will

NIXON AWAITING TRUDEAU AT THE WHITE HOUSE



press for a quick reordering of the chaotic international monetary and trade structure.

SATO. Nixon's sessions with Japan's embattled and embittered Premier Eisaku Sato will be his toughest. The Administration's overtures to Peking and the import surcharge both caught Sato by surprise, and they have soured the final months of Sato's exemplary political career. Ordinarily, Sato talks with Oriental inderirection, but he is expected to be blunt in confronting Nixon with his suspicions that Henry Kissinger's master plan in the Pacific is for the U.S. to manage both Tokyo and Peking by playing the two off against each other.

The late Dean Acheson, an old cold warrior, disdained summitry; he found "the experience nerve-racking and the results unsatisfactory." Since Nixon is now concerned more with what Washington's foreign affairs experts call "atmospherics" than with substance, he stands a good chance to do better than Acheson might have predicted.

THE ADMINISTRATION

Packard Resigns

"Washington has been a difficult town for David Packard," Defense Secretary Melvin Laird remarked recently. "He thinks there should be solutions for these problems. Often there can't be. And every time he looks up, there's another problem coming across his desk." Last week Packard, Laird's Deputy Secretary of Defense, finally decided to give up problem solving for the Federal Government's biggest department and return to Hewlett-Packard Company, the \$350-million-a-year electronics firm that he headed before he came to Washington in 1969.

In his 35 months at the Pentagon, Packard handled most of the management while Laird, a former U.S. Representative, concentrated on the political angles. As former boss of one of the biggest U.S. defense contractors, Packard was in a good position to make quick and usually accurate judgments on Pentagon procurement policies. Under his scrutiny, development of the B-1 strategic bomber and the F-15 fighter has proceeded with unusually few fumbles.

Packard was noted for a candor that sometimes put him in opposition to the Nixon Administration. Initially, for example, he argued against the bailout of ailing Lockheed Aircraft with Government funds. In recent months, Packard has privately expressed irritation at taking orders from White House aides. But he did not resign out of any hard feelings. He exchanged letters of lavish praise with the President. He plans to stay for a while in Washington to advise Laird, who is looking for a replacement for him. Two replacements, in fact. Considering the burden of the job, the White House is asking Congress to approve a second Deputy Secretary of Defense who can share all those problems in search of solutions.

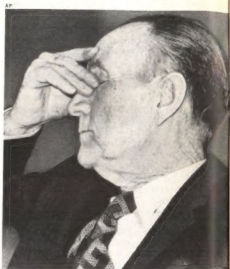
The Congress: A Fight to the Finish

RENT by bitter differences—some personal, others partisan—the 92nd Congress struggled vainly last week to wind up its business and adjourn for the year. Weary Congressmen, anxious to join friends and family for the holidays, testily fought for favored legislation, while the Administration and the Democratic majority tried to bloody one another as best they could. There was angry talk of filibusters, end runs, threats and bluffs. President Nixon weighed in with a harshly worded veto of a bill, originating in the Congress, to establish a national system of comprehensive child development and day care (see box).

In all the confusion, there was movement. The scorecard for the week:

SUPREME COURT. After minimal debate, the Senate voted 89 to 1 to confirm Nixon's nomination of Lewis Powell, the Richmond lawyer who is a past president of the American Bar Association. The lone dissenting ballot was cast by Oklahoma Senator Fred Harris. Said Senator Henry Jackson: "One wonders why it has taken so long to propose a man of Mr. Powell's stature."

William Rehnquist of Arizona, a Goldwaterite who is an Assistant Attorney General under John Mitchell, was not so well received. His opponents, led by Indiana Democrat Birch Bayh, seized upon a memo written by Rehnquist in 1952, when he was a law clerk



SENATE MAJORITY LEADER MANSFIELD
Arbitrariness breeds arbitrariness.

to Supreme Court Justice Robert H. Jackson, as evidence that Rehnquist was against civil rights. In the memo, he had argued that the separate-but-equal doctrine laid down by the Supreme Court in 1896 was "right and should be reaffirmed." When Rehnquist countered that the view expressed was that of Justice Jackson, a civil libertarian, Bayh charged that the explanation raised

Child Care Veto

So crucial is the matter of early growth that we must make a national commitment to providing all American children an opportunity for healthful and stimulating development during the first five years of life.

THUS spoke Richard Nixon in an early statement as President in 1969. What has now become an important political issue is a proposal that would be a striking extension of responsibility for the Federal Government: taking on greater financial responsibility for the nurture of many of the nation's young, through a broad program of educational and medical aid to children.

The President's own Family Assistance Plan, still stuck in the congressional bogs, would move modestly in that direction; its provisions, together with existing programs, would bring increased federal outlays for child care to some \$1.2 billion a year, much of it for centers that would look after the offspring of welfare families moving into the labor force. Last week the Democratic-controlled Congress sent Nixon a bill to establish a more ambitious child-

care program that would provide, as Minnesota Senator Walter Mondale put it, "a full range of quality health, education, nutrition and social services" for the young. The very poor would pay nothing for the services, while the more prosperous would be charged a fee; a family with two children and an income of \$6,960 a year, for example, would pay about \$6 a week. The child-care centers would be run by local "prime sponsors"—cities, towns, counties or even such groups as Indian tribal councils. The price tag for the first year would be \$2 billion, not vastly more than Nixon's own plan, but the President chose to veto it. He damned it roundly for "fiscal irresponsibility, administrative unworkability and family-weakening implications."

Nixon warned that the program would eventually have cost the Federal Government roughly \$20 billion a year, though he did not explain how he arrived at that figure, which is nearly 10% of the present federal budget. Administration officials, however, said that if the benefits were to go to every family eligible under the bill, its overall costs would reach some \$37 billion a year. They said estimates indicate that \$17 billion of that total would be re-

"most serious questions as to Mr. Rehnquist's candor." But the Senate was too fatigued to fight. Moreover, it was generally impressed with Rehnquist's intellect and legal grounding. The final tally: 68 for, 26 against confirmation.

TAX CUTS. Passage of the tax-reduction bill—a keystone of Phase II—was anticlimactic, since the major obstacle had been removed two weeks ago. In its original form, the bill contained a Democratic-sponsored rider to allow each taxpayer to check off \$1 of his taxes for a presidential campaign fund, thus creating a \$20 million reservoir for each party's candidate next year. But when the President threatened to veto the bill, the Democrats backed down. As signed by the President last week, the law will reinstate the 7% tax credit for industrial investment on equipment, raise the personal income tax exemption from \$650 to \$750 over the next two years, and increase the minimum standard deduction for low-income families. The projected total tax reduction: \$15.8 billion, over three years.

FOREIGN AID. After rejecting the House foreign aid authorization last October, the Senate passed two separate authorization bills of its own: one for economic and humanitarian aid and one for military aid. Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield tacked on an amendment calling for a withdrawal of all U.S. troops in Viet Nam within six months, pending the release of all prisoners of war. The package was sent to

the joint House-Senate conference, where it has since languished.

Finally, Democratic Representative Wayne Hays of Ohio tried a little down-home arm twisting. Hays let it be known that he would block any action on an unrelated election-reform bill—a measure the Senate Democrats badly want—as long as Mansfield refused to surrender his end-of-the-war amendment. "I'm just fed up with him and his arbitrary action," Hays said of Mansfield. "Arbitrariness breeds arbitrariness." At week's end both chambers agreed to sidestep the issue during this session in favor of a simple resolution that would continue foreign aid at existing levels into next year.

Adjournment pressures last week only heightened the ill feeling between Hill and White House that has hampered the legislative machinery all year. Between them, the Administration and the 92nd Congress have made no significant progress in increasing public confidence in Government, limiting runaway budget deficits, or cutting down the unemployment rate. National health care, major welfare reform, reorganization of the Executive Branch—all Nixon goals announced in his State of the Union address—remain in varying stages of partisan limbo.

In a fit of pique, the President berated last year's Congress as a "legislative body that had seemingly lost the capacity and the will to act." Replied House Speaker Carl Albert: "The Administration will surely be remembered for what it failed to do." Neither side has answered the other's criticism.

covered from fees paid by participating families with incomes above the poverty line. The bill, Nixon added, "would commit the vast moral authority of the national Government to the side of communal approaches to child rearing over against the family-centered approach."



"Bah, Humbug!"

The last charge seemed like a bit of a reach, but Nixon was clearly taking the offensive in order to avoid the peril of being cast as a kind of Scrooge—against day care, against helping working parents, even against children. The Democrats are sure to make a political issue of the veto: Mondale and other backers of the bill were already calling it the most significant social legislation to come out of the 92nd Congress.

The measure had strong backing from Women's Lib, labor, civil rights groups and educational associations. The Senate vote had been a lopsided 63 to 17, but many Republicans who had supported the bill originally fell into line behind the President. Thus the bill's backers could not muster the two-thirds majority necessary to override Nixon's veto.

What Nixon rejected was a good deal more ambitious than a federal babysitting service. Congress' hold day-care plan had its defects, but its goals raised a far-reaching question: How much in the way of useful new social services can the world's most prosperous land afford? If the bill and Nixon's veto at least produce what Nixon called "a great national debate upon its merit," then they may have served a vital purpose.

POLITICS

In Search of a Black Strategy

The meetings have been quiet, some of them almost secret. The participants have included virtually every important black leader in the U.S., among them Julian Bond, Carl Stokes, Charles Evers, Jesse Jackson,* Poet Imamu Amiri Baraka (LeRoi Jones) and the 13 members of the black caucus in Congress. The purpose: to develop a black political strategy for 1972, especially in order to influence the selection of a Democratic presidential nominee. But after more than half a dozen meetings—most recently a full-scale conference of black elected officials held in Washington—that strategy is still to be defined.

The basis of black strength lies in the mathematics of the 1968 campaign: an estimated one of every five votes received by Hubert Humphrey was cast by a black. As a result, they make up



SHIRLEY CHISHOLM

A 100-lb. woman shaking them up.

one of the largest elements in the Democratic Party. Democratic National Chairman Lawrence O'Brien has promised that 20% of the membership of all convention committees will be black. The problem for the strategists is how to use that strength most effectively. A national black political convention has been called for late April or early May to decide the issue finally.

Two Camps. For the first time, black voters and politicians have real political power in the Democratic Party and the luxury of several options on how to wield it. When preliminary meetings began last spring, black leaders were di-

* Jackson resigned last week from the Southern Christian Leadership Conference and its economic arm he once headed, Operation Breadbasket. His resignation came after a long running dispute with Ralph David Abernathy resulted in Jackson's temporary suspension as Breadbasket director. Jackson will form another economic and political organization in Chicago, built in part around the old Breadbasket staff, all of whom quit with him.

POLITICAL BRIEFS

Bow to Ed, IOU for Ted

No one in or out of politics knows Edward Kennedy's mind better than California's shock-haired Junior Senator John Tunney. He roomed with Ted at law school, and he is the closest friend Ted has in Washington. Thus Tunney's endorsement of Maine's Senator Edmund Muskie was the clearest signal yet that Kennedy is serious about not running in the Democratic primaries.

But whom does the signal serve? The endorsement was immensely important to Front Runner Muskie, who can now lay claim to the support of the many party sheiks who had been waiting to see what Kennedy's plans were. As one highly placed Democrat sees it, however, the chief beneficiary of Tunney's endorsement will not be Ed but Ted. In this view, Kennedy has coldly concluded that Nixon cannot be beaten in 1972. Therefore he chooses to leave the field to Muskie, who now has the nomination all but locked up.

Tunney's move, this theory continues, was thus calculated not only to help Muskie but also to impress a grateful party with the fact that Kennedy was doing what he could to promote unity and minimize the chances of a truly damaging, down-to-the-wire nomination battle. Ted will then wait until 1976 to cash in the IOUs that his old roommate picked up for him last week.

A Small Paul Revere

Last summer, after Richard Nixon announced his Peking trip, a dozen conservatives, including *National Review* Editor William F. Buckley Jr., gathered at the University Club in Manhattan to publicly "suspend" their support of the Administration. Since then, conservatives have also been upset by Taiwan's

vided into two major camps. Georgia State Representative Julian Bond led a push to nominate black favorite-son candidates in each of the states where chances of increasing black delegate strength looked good. Bond and his supporters argued that state delegates committed through the first ballot to a black favorite son, combined with black delegates from other states, would present a formidable bloc of votes in bargaining with potential presidential candidates.

Scrappy Note. Michigan Congressman John Conyers Jr. and several other members of the congressional black caucus favored running a single black candidate in the Democratic primaries. If a black presidential contender won some or all of the delegates in several states, that would both swell black strength at the convention and withhold some black votes from white candidates during the primary scramble. The Conyers group's choice for the national candidate; former Cleveland Mayor Carl Stokes.

But while the men debated and drew up memorandums about which course to follow, their indecision created a vacuum. None of their reckoning took into account New York Representative Shirley Chisholm. Chisholm, 47, the first black woman ever elected to Congress, announced in September that she would enter at least four primaries in quest of the Democratic nomination. She began her campaign on a characteristically scrappy note: "Other kinds of people can steer the ship of state besides white men. Regardless of the outcome, they will have to remember that a little 100-lb. woman shook things up."

Most shaken were her black political colleagues; those 100 lbs. now stood between them and a unified strategy for '72. Although Bond's favorite-son tactics were still workable with Chisholm in the race, supporters of the Stokes plan for a national black candidate now found themselves with a candidate not of their choosing. Said one black Congressman: "She's a disruptive woman. What business did she have to do that?"

Below Expectations. There was more than pique in the reaction to Chisholm's sudden decision to jump into the campaign. She could indeed divide the black vote, particularly if the national black convention next spring nominates someone else. One of the primaries she plans to enter is California's. Her presence on that ballot could seriously undermine the growing power of California's black legislators and local officeholders. The winner of the California primary gets all 271 of the state's delegate votes. If Chisholm is beaten, blacks could lose much of their influence in the delegation.

There are other cracks in the supposedly unified black front. Mervyn Dymally, a state senator from Los Angeles who is the most powerful black politician in the state, has served notice that California's elected blacks do not want to be bound by a national black strategy, regardless of who devises it. In addition, last month's state and local

elections revealed that blacks do not necessarily vote as a bloc. Stokes' hand-picked successor in Cleveland was defeated, as were 233 of the 284 blacks who ran for office in Mississippi. Moreover, black voter turnout was far below expectations in many areas. Some black politicians have concluded that a national campaign is premature. They would prefer to see the funds and energy spent on grass-roots organizing—voter education and canvassing, and turning out the vote on Election Day.

The first attempt to synthesize the conflicting strategies came in Washington, D.C., last week. The Rev. Walter Fauntroy, Washington's nonvoting delegate to Congress, announced that he would run as a favorite son in the District of Columbia primary—with an unstated agreement that the bulk of Washington's 15 delegate votes would go to Chisholm.

Fourth Party. Whatever happens at the black convention next spring, black leaders plan to impose a set of demands on the Democratic Convention. They will map out a political program for inclusion in the platform. They are considering a list of potential black Cabinet members to force more than token representation in a Democratic Administration. And some are prepared to lead a boycott—perhaps even a fourth-party movement—if the nominee is unacceptable to them. Despite the disagreements among black leaders, Democratic Party officials cannot discount their probable impact on the convention. Says Missouri Representative William Clay: "If blacks did not support the Democratic Party, we would leave it in shambles. The Democratic Party needs us more than we need them. It is we who should establish the criteria for black support. And it won't be based on how many black babies a candidate kisses."



TUNNEY (RIGHT) ENDORSING MUSKIE AT WASHINGTON PRESS CONFERENCE
But whom does the signal serve?



ASHBROOK
Sounding the alarm.

expulsion from the U.N., which the Administration could not prevent. The President has committed other heresies, notably the wage-price freeze, which violates the dogmas of free enterprise. Now the so-called Manhattan Twelve have decided to take stronger measures by tapping a like-minded conservative, Ohio Republican John M. Ashbrook, 43, to run against Nixon as a right-wing gadfly in next year's primaries.

Ashbrook, who has represented Ohio's rural 17th district for six terms, has been part of the conservative pantheon since 1964, when he was one of Barry Goldwater's earliest boosters. Though he has not firmly decided to run, he would plainly relish setting out on what he calls "a small Paul Revere ride" through New Hampshire, Florida and perhaps other primary states. But why would Bill Buckley's group choose an unknown to sound the conservatives' alarm? They had little choice. Quietly, Nixon has already won pledges of allegiance from all the big guns on the right, including Goldwater, Ronald Reagan, John Tower—and Bill's brother James Buckley, the New York Senator.

Court Decree

It was business as usual in Illinois. All week long, the Democratic office seekers trooped to the specially reserved rooms in Chicago's Sherman House hotel or in the St. Nicholas in downtown Springfield to pledge fealty and plead for places on the party slate. Finally, the state's dozen or so top Democrats gathered, as they always do, in the smallish Sherman House office of the Cook County chairman, Chicago Mayor Richard J. Daley. Last week, almost four months before the state primary, King Richard's court announced the Democratic nominees.

If any proof was needed that the Daley machine is still running as smoothly and insensitively as ever, there was the renomination of State's Attorney Edward Hanrahan, an old Daley crony who is under state indictment for his role in the police raid that left Black Panthers Fred Hampton and Mark Clark dead in a blood-spattered Chicago apartment two years ago. Senator Adlai Stevenson III was so outraged at Hanrahan's political reprieve that he took an unusual step for graduates of the Sherman House ritual: he publicly condemned the nomination.

Taunting the Tiger

One man with no fear of machines is Oklahoma's Senator Fred Harris. A month ago, he quietly faded out of the race for the Democratic presidential nomination after just 46 desultory days of campaigning. Now he plans to offer himself as a "symbolic" candidate in areas where Democratic primary voters lack a nonmachine alternative. New Jersey, New York and Ohio are on Harris' list; but it is headed, of course, by Dick Daley's Cook County. Unlike Ed Muskie and George McGovern, who plan to steer clear of Daley country in their search for delegates, Harris vows to show that Cook County "is something out of the dinosaur era, and Daley himself is a kind of saber-tooth tiger." Possibly Harris means to prove his case by being eaten alive.

Arizona First?

New Hampshire had to move its primary up a week, to March 7, when Florida threatened to steal its cherished position as the nation's first primary state. Now it faces a challenge of sorts from Arizona, a nonprimary state. This year, following the Democratic Party reform guidelines, Arizona's Democrats will elect their state committeemen in January. The committeemen in turn will choose their 25 national delegates on Feb. 12. It will be the first U.S. state convention of 1972, and the chances are that most of the delegates will be pledged to a candidate—thus giving the American electorate a pre-New Hampshire bellwether. Who will the Arizonans be backing in Miami? On present form, Ed Muskie, already endorsed by influential Representative Morris Udall of Tucson, has the edge.

TRIALS

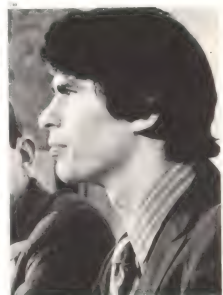
Dismissals at Kent State

The killing of four students at Kent State University in May 1970 was followed by what many people considered almost an equal outrage. A special grand jury exonerated the National Guard of any blame for the deaths while it returned indictments against 25 students and others for participating in the campus disorders. But later a U.S. district court judge ordered the grand jury's re-

port destroyed, and last week 20 indictments still pending were dismissed for lack of evidence.

The strongest cases had come to trial first. Jerry Rupe, 23, was convicted of a misdemeanor for interfering with a fireman at the scene of the burning ROTC building. Two other students pleaded guilty to first-degree rioting. A fourth defendant was freed when a principal witness failed to identify him. In a fifth case, Mary Helen Nicholas turned out to have told a state investigator that she had grabbed a firehose, but she was never told that the statement could be used against her. Judge Edwin Jones directed a not-guilty verdict.

Once he did so, Ohio Attorney General William Brown, 31, asked the court to drop charges against the remaining 20 defendants, among them Craig Morgan, who was president of the Kent State student body at the time of the shootings. Brown emphasized that his decision was not intended to "vindicate or criticize the



CRAIG MORGAN
No vindication.

special grand jury, the students, the National Guard or the administration of the university." Though Kent State President Glenn A. Olds applauded Brown's "sensitivity to the interest of justice," many students were not appeased. Said Donna Clark, vice president of the student government: "Four persons are dead, ten were wounded and 25 had indictments hanging over their heads for more than a year. If that is justice, it is a screwy definition of it."

But it is a justice that the students will probably have to settle for. The only other litigation still pending consists of some civil damage suits against state officials and National Guard officers brought by parents of the students who were killed. Kent State, the bitter climax to campus rebellion, is about to pass into history.

CRIME

The Hot Porsche Caper

Oscar pinches Porsches. Oscar—that is not his real name—is a high-ranking member of one of the many auto-theft rings that prowl New York's boroughs by night. He and his partners, Jackie and Mickey, cater to the carriage trade; they work the city's classier quarters. In less than 30 seconds, Mickey can open a locked Porsche, start it and drive it away. Within 48 hours, Oscar can deliver the car, complete with new paint job and serial number, to his eager customer.

Oscar and his pals can work fast because of a simple device known in the trade as a "slap hammer." The gadget is essentially a thin steel rod with a movable weight attached to it; inserted into a lock, it can pull the lock tumbler out of a car door in seconds.

Worlds of Luxury. The slap hammer will work on any make of automobile. It is just one device employed by New York car thieves; another is the Curtis key punch, which costs about

\$150 and will fit in a shoe box. Using a code stamped on the lock tumblers of all American and most foreign cars, an operator can quickly make a "slave key" that will work in both door and ignition.

Oscar's clients, mostly under 30, are a fast-moving, upwardly mobile set. They have a wide range of jobs; they include stockbrokers, insurance men, advertising executives. They are propelled into worlds where luxury cars are fixtures, but their paychecks often fall short of their aspirations. From Oscar, they get Porsches that normally sell for around \$9,000 at the bargain price of \$3,500. (He provides same-day service for an extra \$100.) Oscar's customers know that the cars are stolen, but they do not care.

Oscar and his friends are typical of what Lieut. Arthur Deutch, commanding officer of the New York Police Department's "auto squad," describes as the "literally thousands of car thieves operating throughout the five boroughs." By conservative estimates, car thieves cost New Yorkers more than \$250 million

a year. Deutch's 30-man squad has a tough time keeping even with Oscar and his ilk.

Thefts are on the increase, and arrests have gone down because of the difficulty police have in stopping growing numbers of professionals like Oscar from playing their trade.® Says Deutch: "It's almost impossible to catch someone in the act. We'd have to be everywhere at once to even try." In fact, the Oscars account for the smallest number of car-theft arrests. Most of those arrested are joy-riding kids.

Front End and Grille. Oscar, Jackie and Mickey started out in what has almost become an apprentice program for aspiring auto thieves. They began in "piece work," slap-hammering late-model Buicks and Cadillacs, which were sold for \$50 each to mob-controlled wholesalers in Brooklyn and Queens. The cars were then cut up by highly skilled body men, and their components sold by crooked parts-and-junk dealers who stood to make almost as much as the car was worth when whole. The front end and grille of a Cadillac can bring as much as \$1,200.

Oscar and his partners started "re-tailing" about a year ago. The autos they sell have serial numbers that have been altered by skillful craftsmen. Oscar has friends closely connected with certain motor vehicle departments who for a fee will issue bona fide registration forms, plates and marker tags.

Insurance Windfall. Jackie and Mickey acquire the "merchandise," and Oscar disposes of it. On an average night, Mickey and Jackie steal two or three cars off the streets of New York. On a good night they may snatch half a dozen. Oscar prefers to deal in expensive foreign cars, he says, because they are easier to sell; Porsches are particularly sought after by Oscar's kind of client. "Besides," he adds, "anyone who can afford to buy a \$9,000 car doesn't need it in the first place. He can afford to take taxis to work for a couple of weeks until his insurance either rents him a car or makes good on his claim." Jackie is no less forthcoming about his victims. "I need their goddamn cars more than they do," he says. "I'm trying to save-up enough money to buy a house and get my family out of this goddamn rip-off city." Oscar has already made the move out of New York; he lives in Connecticut.

What is to prevent Oscar from re-stealing a client's car? Nothing, he says, except his responsibility to maintain "good will." But if such an unlikely accident were to happen, he points out, the client would reap a windfall from his insurance company. The insurer would pay off on the adjusted retail price of the auto rather than the bargain price paid by the client—who could wind up making a profit of \$3,000 or more.

® Stolen cars in New York City increased in number from 77,448 in 1968 to 94,215 in 1970—about 260 a day. There were 7,166 arrests for stealing autos or accessories in 1968, and only 6,539 two years later.



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Show and tell at the

By now millions of Americans have looked in on nuclear power plant information centers in places around the country.

Right from the time they arrive on the grounds, many are surprised at how clean and safe these plants really are. The buildings are simple, clean-lined, and rather "unfactory" like.

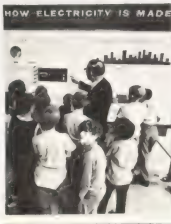


Once inside the center, exhibits, films and knowledgeable guides help visitors understand more about this manufacturing plant that doesn't look like a manufacturing plant — yet manufactures something they all use but never see.

They soon discover the main difference between making electricity with the peaceful atom, and making it with coal, oil or gas, is in how the necessary heat is produced.

Instead of creating the heat by burning fuel in a furnace, the nuclear plant splits atoms in a reactor. Each atom, when split, gives off a tiny bit of heat. Many are split.

Then just like in any other steam power plant, the heat makes the steam that turns the turbine that operates the generator that produces the electricity that makes the lights go on.



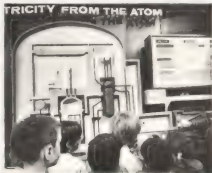
Even though it takes only 1/100th of an ounce of nuclear fuel to equal the energy in a ton of coal, it is still a very dilute uranium fuel. So dilute, in fact, that it's physically impossible to create an atomic explosion in the reactor. Not even a nuclear expert could make this fuel explode like an atomic bomb.

Many highly qualified authorities are responsible for the setting and the enforcing of standards for the design, construction and operation of nuclear power plants. And all aspects of nuclear power are under continuing study and rigid supervision.

Some of those involved are:

- The International Commission of Radiological Protection
- The National Council of Radiation Protection and Measurement
- The Advisory Committee on Reactor Safeguards
- The United States Atomic Energy Commission
- The Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy
- The Environmental Protection Agency

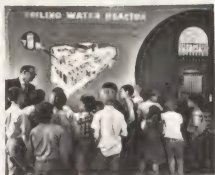
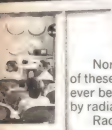
And, of course, the operating companies, their suppliers and many others.



How effective is all this control?

After more than ten years of experience with nuclear power plants (there are now 22 full-scale plants operating in 12 states), no utility-operated nuclear station in this country has ever had an accident that adversely affected public health.

nuclear power plant.



Nor has any employee of these plants ever been injured by radiation.

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Present operating experience tells us this: a person living anywhere in the vicinity of a typical nuclear power plant, 24 hours a day for a full year, would be exposed to less than 5 millirems of radiation from the plant.

Less than 5 millirems. That's less than a person is likely to receive from cosmic radiation during a round-trip coast-to-coast airline flight at 35,000 feet.

There's more to show and tell about nuclear power than can be done here, so if you're ever near one of these visitors' centers, we hope you'll take a few minutes to stop in and see and hear it all.

It's important that each of us get the facts. Because as the demand for electricity continues to grow, nuclear power must play an increasingly important role in supplying it.



Our country's ability to do the work that needs to be done will depend on an adequate supply of electricity. There's no time to waste. New generating facilities must be built, and built in a way compatible with our environment.

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THE ECONOMY

Everything You Want to Know About Phase II

Since you won't allow an extra big bonus for some of my better workers this Christmas, I'm going to get salary hit by cutting everybody else's around that week so my favorite workers will still get special treatment. Is that legal?

THE employer in Phoenix who came up with that idea will undoubtedly be remembered as the Scrooge of Phase II, at least by his nonfavorite employees. Officials at one of the 2,800 branches of the Internal Revenue Service, which handles inquiries about what can and cannot be done under President Nixon's economic controls, concluded that the man's plan was indeed legal. Charitably, they added that it might have a had effect on company morale.

His query was just one of some 377,000 individual questions that have flooded into IRS offices since the controls were clamped on five weeks ago. That is one telling measure of the confusion that persists about the program, in no small part because the rules seem to be broken regularly by the panels in Washington that are supposed to enforce them. The most serious missteps in Phase II have been caused by the paralyzed Pay Board, which has given the impression that it cannot do its job of halting inflationary wage settlements. Few experts have yet markedly changed their opinions—whether optimistic or otherwise—about its chances for eventual success. Here are some of the main questions being asked about Phase II, and the answers to them so far as they have been explained by the controllers:

HOW MUCH CAN PAY REALLY GO UP?

The guideline is 5.5% annually, but that does not necessarily apply to every paycheck. The rule that most directly affects the majority of low- or medium-paid workers—including millions of nonunionized white-collar, clerical and semiprofessional employees—is that the total, or aggregate wage increase must be held to 5.5% within each "employee unit." Such a unit could be a department, a whole company, or a labor union that in the past has been grouped together in the same wage adjustment. Thus the boss is perfectly free to grant 10% pay raises to secretaries and only 1% increases to cleaning women, provided that their wage levels have been generally set as part of a single agreement in the past and the combined total does not exceed the guideline. Some union pay increases—and those of non-union employees that traditionally are granted at the same time—will doubtless continue to exceed the guideline for a while. Labor Secretary James Hodgson admitted as much last week by noting

that the Administration fully expected to "swallow" a few extra large settlements early in Phase II. These included the 15% pay boost granted coal miners in the first year of a new contract and a pact giving railroad signalmen a more than 16% raise, which was approved last week by the Pay Board. But all settlements involving more than 1,000 workers must be reported to the Pay Board, and the Administration expects that cases exceeding the guideline will become few and far between after the first few months of Phase II.

DOES THE 5.5% GUIDELINE APPLY TO EXECUTIVE SALARIES?

Probably not. The Pay Board last week named a three-man subcommittee to study the pay of men at the top and will make special rulings about it in a few weeks. The subcommittee will also determine just what jobs qualify for executive pay. But for the time being, executives are bound by the same restrictions as everyone else. At least one top tax bracketeer is obeying: AFI-CIO Chief George Meany has instructed the union comptroller to withhold the 28% pay increase (to \$90,000 annually) that he recently got—until it has been approved by the Government.

DOES THE PAY GUIDELINE LIMIT THE FEES OF DOCTORS, LAWYERS AND OTHER PROFESSIONAL MEN?

Thus far the IRS has held that professional fees, like prices, cannot be

raised except to offset increased costs, like higher rent or staff pay raises. Violators are subject to a maximum fine of \$5,000. Patients and clients who have complaints are advised to take them to the IRS.

ARE MERIT RAISES ALLOWED?

Sometimes. Generally, merit raises are awarded for high performance to executive-level employees who are too far advanced in rank to expect quick promotions but may not be covered by general wage packages. Companies that scheduled regular salary reviews and merit increases before the wage-price freeze may continue to do so. Moreover, these raises can be awarded in whatever amount and at whatever interval had been customary in the past, even if they thereby exceed the guideline in individual cases. But unless merit increases have been an established practice, they will not be permitted in Phase II, and in any case they count as part of the 5.5% aggregate increase allowed each employee unit.

ARE NEW FRINGE BENEFITS CONSIDERED A PAY INCREASE?

Yes. Funds contributed by an employer toward pensions, profit sharing, insurance, cost of living allowances and any other benefit are part of an employee's pay and thus count against the total permissible amount of a wage increase. (The rules on some complicated benefits, including stock options, have

EXEMPT FROM FREEZE: DIAMONDS, ANTIQUE HALL STAND, FRESH VEGETABLES



not yet been clarified.) Even additional vacation time and shorter work weeks must be taken into account. However, just as new fringe benefits count as a pay increase, those already provided by an employer are part of a worker's base pay. Thus if he receives no additional fringes an employee may be able to get a raise above his actual salary considerably higher than 5.5%.

WHICH EMPLOYEES ARE EXEMPT FROM ANY PAY CONTROLS?

Federal workers, the U.S. military and anyone who earns below the federal minimum wage of \$1.60 hourly.

HOW MUCH CAN PRICES BE RAISED?

An overall goal is set at 2.5% annually. In fact, most prices are not supposed to rise at all unless a firm can show that it is charging more, strictly to offset new costs. Even then, price increases are not being allowed if they will raise a firm's profit margins—or its earnings percentage of sales—over those of a base period. Each company can set its own base period by choosing the average of the best two out of its last three fiscal years. Retailers may pick their highest customary markup for any product line during the same period. However, those retailers who have always "discounted" from the list price of products must continue to do so.

ARE PROFITS FROZEN?

Definitely not. First of all, companies can increase their total profits by increasing the volume of sales. Moreover, they can lift their profit margins—the percentage of each sale that can be pocketed—provided that they do not raise prices. Examples of ways that such gains could be accomplished include: new efficiencies in production, substitute materials that lower costs (but do not lower quality), and reduction of labor input through automation. As long as a firm does not seek a price increase, it is free to chalk up profit gains in any way it can.

CAN A SHOPPER CHECK IF PRICES HAVE BEEN RAISED EXCESSIVELY?

By next month, every store will be required to post a list of prices showing how much it charged for its best-selling items just before the freeze. Customers who cannot find such lists should ask the manager for one and, if still dissatisfied, phone the IRS. That agency can order the storekeeper to comply.

WHY HAVE SOME PRICES ALREADY GONE UP MORE THAN 2.5%?

There could be several legitimate reasons. Some sellers were caught by the freeze with their prices at unusually low levels—a TV manufacturer who was running a semiannual factory sale, service-station operators who were in the midst of a gas war. These businessmen are free to raise their prices to base-period levels. But there is at least an equal chance that a price raise is not legitimate, particularly if it is

tacked on by a small operator. With only 3,000 IRS workers exclusively assigned to explain and patrol Phase II, enforcement at the local level has been spotty at best.

CAN THE 10% SURCHARGE ON IMPORTS BE PASSED ON TO THE CUSTOMER IN FULL?

Yes, but the actual retail price increase will be less than 10%, because the surcharge is based on wholesale prices.

ARE FOOD PRICES EXEMPT FROM THE CONTROLS?

Some are, many are not. "Raw agricultural products," meaning those that go from grower to buyer without pro-



SORTING PRICE QUERIES IN WASHINGTON
Just who can get more?

cessing, are exempt from price controls. They include fruits and vegetables sold at the supermarket produce counter, but not meat and eggs, which are trimmed, packaged or otherwise "processed." Imported foods, like other foreign goods, are surtaxed on entry to the U.S. and are not subject to price controls on original sale, but are thereafter.

WHAT OTHER PRICES ARE EXEMPT FROM CONTROLS?

New life insurance policies, used cars, and almost anything else sold second-hand—including houses, antiques, precious stones—and, according to a 'uling last week, Christmas trees that are fresh-cut and not fireproofed or "treated."

ARE THE RATES CHARGED BY ELECTRIC, TELEPHONE AND OTHER UTILITY COMPANIES SUBJECT TO PRICE CONTROL?

Generally no. Since their rates are already regulated by state and local governments, utility companies are usually not bound by federal regulations. However, the largest ones are required, like

other giant corporations, to notify the Price Commission if they request or are granted permission to raise their rates; the commission conceivably could trim down the inflationary ones.

ARE STATE AND LOCAL TAXES SUBJECT TO THE GUIDELINES?

No. They can be raised as usual by legislatures or other authorities, and so can parking fines and other penalties. But bridge tolls, admission to publicly owned ice skating rinks and other "user charges" come under the controls. Also subject to Phase II rules: all college tuitions, whether the school is public or private, and charges for room and board.

WHAT ARE THE RESTRICTIONS ON INTEREST RATES AND DIVIDENDS?

Legally, none. But a committee headed by Federal Reserve Board Chairman Arthur Burns was appointed to keep a close eye on both sectors. It has said nothing about interest rates, which have been falling. Burns asked corporations to voluntarily hold back dividend increases to a maximum of 4% above the base years.

HOW MUCH CAN RESIDENTIAL RENTS GO UP?

As of last week, the rent of most apartments was still, in effect, frozen at the level of last Aug. 15. Reason: a 15-member Rent Board headed by former Congressman Thomas B. Curtis was still debating guidelines for future increases. They are expected almost any time. Meanwhile, IRS officials have told thousands of tenants that "they may wish to refuse to pay added rental charges" unless the landlord can justify them. Such increases are permitted in three cases. 1) Apartments in which rent is controlled by local or state authorities do not come under federal regulations, and thus rents for these units may be increased. 2) The rent for any other units may be increased if 10% of "substantially identical" apartments owned by the landlord had been rented at a higher price during the month before the freeze. In that case, the higher price may be charged in all similar units. 3) Vacation apartments in Florida, Arizona and other sun meccas can be rented at last year's winter rate rather than the lower one prevailing when Nixon's freeze went into effect in August.

Guiding the U.S. economy into its first peacetime period of controls is an enormously complicated job, and an unpleasant one for longtime Free Marketer Richard Nixon. He was determined to keep the bureaucracy of Phase II as lean as possible. Nevertheless, the IRS will soon need reinforcements in its job of policing the controls, especially since tax time is approaching. Many of the IRS watchdogs who have spent their working hours since August looking for violators of the freeze and Phase II were taken away from normal duties, presumably allowing other tax violators to go undetected.

The Take-Charge Price Czar

ON Oct. 20, a sometime plantation boss, Navy officer, newspaper reporter, FBI agent, import-export manager and Texas-based business-school dean flew into Washington to take on a new job. He became the U.S. price czar. C. (for Charles) Jackson Grayson Jr. found that the seven-member Price Commission he was to head had no staff, no permanent office and no secretaries: he had to ring up the Civil Service Commission in Washington to ask how to go about hiring. It was a situation suited to the take-charge spirit of 48-year-old Jack Grayson, who constantly advises associates that "someone has to make it happen." If Phase II so far

tial requests and then expecting to bargain with the commission. "I hope this does not end up as an Arabian trading market," he says. When officials of one major company protested that they had no measure of productivity, the commission offered to help draw one—by sending IRS agents to scrutinize the company's books. The company dropped its request for a price increase.

The air of decision at the Price Commission contrasts with the confusion rending its sister agency, the Pay Board. The board established a 5.5% guideline for wage raises, but got in the hole very quickly by approving a coal contract that calls for increases of 15% or



C. JACKSON GRAYSON

has a hero, he is it. In less than two months, he has built the Price Commission into the one post-freeze agency that has developed a clear, effective anti-inflationary policy and is determined not to be pushed around by labor, business or Government.

With little help from the Administration, which is maintaining a hands-off attitude, Grayson's commission has moderated pricing policies in three basic industries: autos, steel and coal. The commission's basic rule is that prices may be increased only to reflect added costs, minus any gains in workers' productivity—and then only if the price boosts do not fatten profit margins. Grayson has been flexible in applying this standard. Last week he allowed U.S. Steel an average price increase of 3.6%, in return for a promise that the company would not try to raise prices again before Aug. 1. (Last week U.S. Steel raised some prices 7.7%, but said that the average of its whole line would be within the 3.6% guideline.) Grayson, however, insists that companies calculate costs and productivity carefully, rather than coming in with egregiously high ini-

more the first year. In his boldest move, Grayson acted to contain the inflationary impact of that ruling. When coal companies asked for price rises ranging from 5.4% to 9.4%, the Price Commission allowed only 2.9% to 4.9%. Grayson also announced a general principle that companies can raise prices only as much as they would if wage increases really were held to 5.5%—even if the Pay Board violates its own guidelines and permits more.

That decision frightened some businessmen, who fear that they will be caught in a choking profit squeeze. Grayson discloses that two Nixon Administration officials telephoned to voice "concern over the ramifications of the commission's decision," but he stood his ground. As he told TIME Correspondent Lawrence Malkin: "I will listen to the Administration if someone calls up and says that the policy is not what they would like. But we will decide on our own."

Grayson was raised on his family's cotton, soybean and cattle plantation near Fort Necessity, La. He joined the Navy fresh out of Tulane Business School late in World War II, and suc-

cessively tried jobs as reporter for the New Orleans *Item*, FBI agent in Washington, and partner in a New Orleans import-export firm before settling on a career of business-school teaching. Even his university life was spent mostly as a self-styled "academic gypsy," shuttling between posts at Harvard and Tulane, before he became dean of the Southern Methodist University Business School in Dallas in 1968.

Grayson contends that standardized business education stifles the entrepreneurial spirit. Entrepreneurs, he thinks, succeed because they never learn the "proper" way of doing things. At S.M.U., Grayson threw out all required courses except one orientation seminar and let students choose their own programs. He also urged them to set up small businesses while they were still on campus.

In the process, Grayson revealed a rare sense of balance that should serve him well in Washington. He envisioned one paper, outlining his plans for S.M.U. in 1980, with shafts of fanciful wit indicating that he does not take himself too seriously. Among other things, he envisioned a school where visiting lecturers included Bernard Cornfeld, Howard Hughes, Joan Crawford and "ex-President Lindsay." He also whimsically described the unexpected success of a student venture in running a penguin ranch: an effort to market penguin eggs for gourmets flopped, but the entrepreneurs cracked the penguin genetic code and produced a breed of giant birds with handlelike flippers that made a hit as "waiters at formal parties."

The unconventional dean caught the eye of George Shultz, now Nixon's budget chief, who eventually conveyed the offer of the Price Commission job to Grayson. It is supposed to be temporary. Grayson has not yet moved his family—German-born wife Barbara and sons aged three and one—to Washington (the also has a 13-year-old son by a previous marriage). Old associates think his devotion to S.M.U. will take him back there before too long. Shultz, ideologically opposed to controls, is already looking for sectors of the U.S. economy that can be decontrolled before next year's election. Grayson himself, however, finds Washington exciting and figures that the Price Commission will continue "at this level of operations" for at least a year, more likely a year and a half. One reason: even if inflation is reined in now, he sees a danger that companies will be increasingly tempted to try for new price boosts as the economy recovers, and they will need a strong hand to restrain them.

His Harvard Ph.D. dissertation, on oil wildcatting, struck a note unconsciously prophetic of his new job. Its title: *Decisions Under Uncertainty*.

THE WORLD



INDIAN TROOPS ADVANCE TOWARD PAKISTAN FROM RAJASTHAN

Bangladesh: Out of War, a Nation Is Born

JAI Bangla! Jai Bangla!" From the banks of the great Ganges and the broad Brahmaputra, from the emerald rice fields and mustard-colored hills of the countryside, from the countless squares of countless villages came the cry. "Victory to Bengal! Victory to Bengal!" They danced on the roofs of buses and marched down city streets singing their anthem *Golden Bengal*. They brought the green, red and gold banner of Bengal out of secret hiding places to flutter freely from buildings, while huge pictures of their imprisoned leader, Sheik Mujibur Rahman, sprang up overnight on trucks, houses and signposts. As Indian troops advanced first to Jessore, then to Comilla, then to the outskirts of the capital of Dacca, small children clambered over their trucks and Bengalis everywhere cheered and greeted the soldiers as liberators.

This last week, amid a war that still raged on, the new nation of Bangladesh was born. So far only India and Bhutan have formally recognized it, but it ranks eighth among the world's 148 nations in terms of population (78 million), behind China, India, the Soviet Union, the U.S., Indonesia, Japan and Brazil. Its birth, moreover, may be followed by grave complications. In West Pakistan, a political upheaval is a foregone conclusion in the wake of defeat and dismemberment. In India, the creation of a Bengali state next door to its own impoverished West Bengal state could very well strengthen the centrifugal forces that have tugged at the country since independence in 1947.



BENGALIS IN JESSORE CHEER INDIAN ARMY'S ARRIVAL

The breakaway of Pakistan's eastern wing became a virtual certainty when the Islamabad government launched air strikes against at least eight Indian airfields two weeks ago. Responding in force, the Indian air force managed to wipe out the Pakistani air force in the East within two days, giving India control of the skies. In the Bay of Bengal and the Ganges delta region as well, the Indian navy was in unchallenged command. Its blockade of Chittagong and Chalna harbors cut off all reinforcements, supplies and chances of evacuation for the Pakistani forces, who

found themselves far outnumbered (80,000 v. India's 200,000) and trapped in an enclave more than 1,000 miles from their home bases in the West.

There were even heavier and bloodier battles, including tank clashes on the Punjabi plain and in the deserts to the south, along the 1,400-mile border between India and the western wing of Pakistan, where the two armies have deployed about 250,000 men. Civilians were fleeing from the border areas, and residents of Karachi, Rawalpindi and Islamabad were in a virtual state of siege and panic over day and night harass-

ment raids by buzzing Indian planes.

The U.N. did its best to stop the war, but its best was not nearly good enough. After three days of procedural wrangles and futile resolutions, the Security Council gave up; stymied by the Soviet *vetoes*, the council passed the huck to the even wordier and less effective General Assembly. There, a resolution calling for a cease-fire and withdrawal of Indian and Pakistan forces behind their own borders swiftly passed by an overwhelming vote of 104 to 11.

The Pakistanis, with their armies in retreat, said they would honor the cease-fire provided India did. The Indians, with victory in view, said they "were considering" the cease-fire, which meant they would stall until they had achieved

ports in Dacca, Karachi and Islamabad. Some 300 children were said to have died in a Dacca orphanage when a piston-engine plane dropped three 750-lb. bombs on the Rahmat-e-Alam Islamic Mission near the airport while 400 children slept inside. Earlier in the week, two large bombs fell on workers' shanties near a jute mill in nearby Narayanganj, killing 275 people.

Forty workers died and more than 100 others were injured when they were caught by air strikes as they attempted to repair huge bomb craters in the Dacca airport runway. India declared a temporary moratorium on air strikes late last week so that the runway could be repaired and 400 U.N. relief personnel and other foreigners could be flown

The first major city to fall was Jessore. TIME's William Stewart, who rode into the key railroad junction with the Indian troops, cabled: "Jessore, India's first strategic prize, fell as easily as a mango ripened by a long Bengal summer. It shows no damage from fighting. In fact, the Pakistani 9th Division headquarters had quit Jessore days before the Indian advance, and only four battalions were left to face the onslaught."

"Nevertheless, two Pakistani battalions slipped away, while the other two were badly cut up. The Indian army was everywhere wildly cheered by the Bengalis, who shouted: 'Jai Bangla' and 'Indira Gandhi Zindabad!' [Long Live Indira Gandhi!]. In Jhingergacha, a half-deserted city of about 5,000 near by, people gather to tell of their ordeal. 'The Pakistanis shot us when we didn't understand,' said one old man. 'But they spoke Urdu and we speak Bengali.'"

Death Awaits

By no means all of East Bengal was freed of Pakistani rule last week. Pakistani troops were said to be retreating to two river ports, Narayanganj and Barisal, where it was speculated they might make a stand or alternatively seek some route of escape. They were also putting up a strong defense in battalion-plus strength in three garrison towns where Indian forces reportedly had encircled them. The Indians have yet to capture the major cities of Chittagong and Dinajpur. Neither army permitted newsmen unreserved access to the contested areas, but on several occasions the Indian military command did allow reporters to accompany its forces. The three-pronged Indian pincer movement, however, moved much more rapidly than was earlier believed possible. Its success was largely attributed to decisive air and naval support.

Demoralized and in disarray, the Pakistani troops were urged to obey the "soldier-to-soldier" radio call to surrender, repeatedly broadcast by Indian Army Chief of Staff General Sam Manekshaw. "Should you not heed my advice to surrender to my army and endeavour to escape," he warned, "I assure you certain death awaits you." He also assured the Pakistanis that if they surrendered they would be treated as prisoners of war according to the Geneva convention. To insure that the Mukti Bahini would also adhere to the Geneva code, India officially put the liberation forces under its military command.

Pakistani prisoners were reported surrendering in four numbers. But many others seemed to be fleeing into the countryside, perhaps in hopes of finding escape routes disguised as civilians. "In some garrison towns stout resistance is being offered," said an Indian spokesman, "and though the troops themselves wish to surrender, they are being instructed by the generals: 'Gain time. Something big may happen. Hold on.'" He added sarcastically that the only big thing that could happen was that



PAKISTANI SOLDIERS IN RETREAT IN EAST BENGAL

"In the pursuit of jihad, nobody dies."

their objective of dismembering Pakistan. There was nothing the assembly could do to enforce its will. There was considerable irony in India's reluctance to obey the U.N. resolution in view of New Delhi's irritating penchant in the past for lecturing other nations on their moral duty to do the bidding of the world organization. Similarly the Soviet Union, which is encouraging India in its defiance, has never hesitated to lecture Israel on its obligation to heed U.N. resolutions calling for withdrawal from Arab territories.

Hopeless Task

In any case, a cease-fire is not now likely to alter the military situation in the East. As Indian infantrymen advanced to within 25 miles of Dacca late last week and as reports circulated that 5,000 Indian paratroopers were landing on the edges of the beleaguered eastern capital, thousands fled for fear that the Pakistani army might decide to make a pitched stand. Daily, and often hourly, Indian planes strafed air-

out. It was repaired, but the Pakistanis changed their mind and refused to allow the U.N.'s evacuation aircraft to land at Dacca, leaving U.N. personnel trapped as potential hostages. The International Red Cross declared Dacca's Intercontinental Hotel and nearby Holy Family Hospital "neutral zones" to receive wounded and provide a haven for foreigners.

For its part, the Pakistani army was said to have killed some Bengalis who they believed informed or aided the Indian forces. But the reprisals apparently were not on a wide scale. Both civilian and military casualties were considered relatively light in East Bengal, largely because the Indian army skirted big cities and populated areas in an effort to avoid standoff battles with the retreating Pakistani troops.

* Pakistan claimed the plane was India's. Some Bengalis and foreign observers believed it was Pakistani, but other observers pointed out that the only forces known to be flying piston-engined aircraft were the Mukti Bahini, the Bengali liberation forces.



PAKISTAN'S YAHYA KHAN



INDIA'S INDIRA GANDHI

Jingoism and jubilation.

the commanders of the military regime in East Pakistan might pull a vanishing act.

All week long, meanwhile, the Pakistani regime kept up a running drum-fire about Pakistan's *jihad*, or holy war, with India. An army colonel insisted there were no Pakistani losses whatsoever on the battlefield. His reasoning: "In the pursuit of *jihad*, nobody dies. He lives forever." Pakistan radio and television blared forth patriotic songs such as *All of Pakistan Is Wide Awake* and *The Martyr's Blood Will Not Go Wasted*. The propaganda was accompanied by a totally unrealistic picture of the war. At one point, government spokesmen claimed that Pakistan had knocked out 123 Indian aircraft to a loss of seven of their own, a most unlikely kill ratio of nearly 18-to-1. Islamabad insisted that Pakistani forces were still holding on to the city of Jessore even though newsmen rode into the city only hours after its liberation.

Late last week, however, President Agha Mohammed Yahya Khan's gov-

ernment appeared to be getting ready to prepare its people for the truth: the East is lost. An official spokesman admitted for the first time that the Pakistani air force was no longer operating in the East. Pakistani forces were "handicapped in the face of a superior enemy war machine," he said, and were outnumbered six to one by the Indians in terms of men and matériel—a superiority that seemed slightly exaggerated.

Sikhs and Gurkhas

As the fate of Bangladesh, and of Pakistan itself, was being decided in the East, Indian and Pakistani forces were making painful stabs at one another along the 1,400-mile border that reaches from the icy heights of Kashmir through the flat plains of the Punjab down to the desert of western India. There the battle was being waged by bearded Sikhs wearing khaki turbans, tough, flat-faced Gurkhas, who carry a curved knife known as a *kukri* in their belts, and many other ethnic strains. Mostly, the action

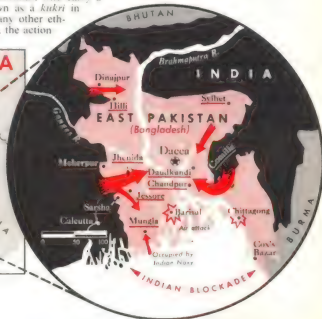
was confined to border thrusts by both sides to straighten out salients that are difficult to defend.

The battles have pitted planes, tanks, artillery against each other, and in fact both matériel losses and casualties appear to have run far higher than in the east. Most of the sites were the very places where the two armies slugged it out in their last war in 1965. Yet there were no all-out offensives. The Indian army's tactic was to maintain a defensive posture, launching no attacks except where they assisted its defenses.

Old Boy Attitude

The bloodiest action was at Chhamb, a flat plateau about six miles from the cease-fire line that since 1949 has divided the disputed Kashmir region almost equally between Pakistan and India. The Pakistanis were putting up "a most determined attack," according to an Indian spokesman, who admitted that Indian casualties had been heavy. But he added that Pakistani casualties were heavier. The Pakistanis' aim was to strike for the Indian city of Jammu and the 200-mile-long Jammu-Srinagar highway, which links India with the Vale of Kashmir. The Indians were forced to retreat from the west bank of the Munnawar Tawi River, where they had tried desperately to hold on.

Except for Chhamb and other isolated battles, both sides seemed to be going about the war with an "old boy" attitude: "If you don't really hit my important bases, I won't bomb yours." Behind all this, of course, is the fact that many Indian and Pakistani officers, including the two countries' commanding generals, went to school with one another at Sandhurst or Dehra Dun. India's commanding general in the east, Lieut. General Jagjit Singh Aurora, was a classmate of Pakistan's President Yahya. "We went to school



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together to learn how best to kill each other," said one Indian officer.

"To an outsider," TIME's Marsh Clark cabled after a tour of the western front, "the Indian army seemed precise, old-fashioned and sane. 'The closer you get to the front, the more tea and cookies you get,' one American correspondent complained. But things get done. Convoys move up rapidly, artillery officers direct their fire with dispatch. Morale is extremely high, and Indian officers always refer to the Pakistanis, though rather condescendingly, as 'those chaps.'"

Abandoned Britches

On a visit to Sehja, a key town in a Pakistani salient that pokes into Indian territory east of Lahore where Indian troops have been advancing, Clark found turbaned men working in the fields while jets flew overhead and artillery sounded in the distance. "There are free tea stalls along the road," he reported, "and teen-agers throw bags of nuts, plus oranges and bananas, into the Jeeps carrying troops to the front, and shout encouragement. When our Jeep stops, kids surround it and yell at us, demanding that we write a story saying their village is still free and not captured, as claimed by Pakistani radio.

"As we come up on the border, the Indian commander receives us. He recounts how his Gurkha soldiers kicked off the operation at 9 o'clock at night and hit the well-entrenched Pakistanis at midnight. 'I think we took them by surprise,' he says, and an inspection of the hooch of the Pakistani area commanding officer confirms it. On his bed is a suitcase, its confusion indicating it was hastily packed. There are several shirts, some socks. And his trousers. Nice trousers of gray flannel made, according to the label, by Mr. Abass, a tailor in Rawalpindi. The colonel, it is clear, has departed town and left his britches behind."

South of Sehja, Indian armored units have been plowing through sand across the West Pakistan border, taking hundreds of square miles of desert and announcing the advance of their troops to places that apparently consist of two palm trees and a shallow pool of brackish water. Among the enemy equipment reported captured: several camels. The reason behind this rather ridiculous adventure is the fear that Pakistan will try to seize large tracts of Indian territory to hold as ransom for the return of East Bengal. That now seems an impossibility with Bangladesh an independent nation, but India wants to have land in the west to bargain with.

The western part of India is on full wartime alert. All cities are completely blacked out at night, fulfilling, as it were, Prime Minister Indira Gandhi's warning that it would be a "long, dark

December." Air-raid sirens wail almost continuously. During one 15-hour period in the Punjab, there were eleven air-raid alerts. One all-clear was sounded by the jittery control room before the warning blast was given. The nervousness, though, was justified: two towns in the area had been bombed with a large loss of life as Pakistani air force planes zipped repeatedly across the border. Included in their attacks was the city of Amritsar, whose Golden Temple is the holiest of holies to all Sikhs. At Agra, which was bombed in the Pakistanis' first blitz, the Taj Mahal was camouflaged with a forest of twigs and leaves and draped with burlap because its marble glowed like a white beacon in the moonlight.

The fact that India is not launching any major offensives in the western sector suggests that New Delhi wants to

kiang province to the city of Gilgit in Pakistani Kashmir with an all-weather macadam motor highway running down to the northern region of Ladakh near the cease-fire line. Should Indian troops get anywhere near China's highway or try to grasp its portion of Kashmir, New Delhi could expect to have a hassle with Peking on its hands.

Constant Harassment

Pakistan, on the other hand, has much to gain if it can wrest the disputed province, particularly the lush and fabled Vale, from Indian control. Strategically, the region is extremely important, bordering on both China and Afghanistan as well as India and Pakistan. Moreover, Kashmir's population is predominantly Moslem.

Still, the war was also beginning to take its toll on the people of West Pakistan. "The almost constant air raids over Islamabad, Karachi and other cities have brought deep apprehension, even panic," TIME's Louis Kraar cabled from Rawalpindi. "It is not massive bombing, just constant harassment—though there have been several hundred civilian casualties. Thus when the planes roar overhead, life completely halts in the capital and people scurry into trenches or stand in doorways with woolen shawls over their heads, ostrich-like. Because of the Kashmir mountains, the radar in the area does not pick up Indian planes until they are about 15 miles away.

"Pakistanis have taken to caking mud all over their autos in the belief that it camouflages them from Indian planes. In nightly blackouts, the road traffic moves along with absolutely no lights, and fear has prevailed so completely over common sense that there has probably been more bloodshed in traffic accidents than in the air raids. The government has begun urging motorists only to shield their lights, but peasants throw stones at any car that keeps them on. In this uneasy atmosphere, Pakistani anti-aircraft gunners opened up on their own high-flying Sabre jets one evening last week. At one point, the military stationed an anti-aircraft machine gun atop the Rawalpindi Intercontinental Hotel, but guests convinced them it was dangerous."

Soviet Airlift

In New Delhi, the mood was not so much jingoism as jubilation that India's main goal—the establishment of a government in East Bengal that would ensure the return of the refugees—was accomplished so quickly. There was little surprise when Prime Minister Gandhi announced to both houses of Parliament early last week that India would become the first government to recognize Bangladesh. Still, members thumped their desks, cheered loudly and jumped in the



BENGALI BOY CAUGHT IN CROSSFIRE
"We went through a nightmare."

keep the war there as uncomplicated as possible. Though the two nations have tangled twice before in what is officially called the state of Jammu and Kashmir, neither country has gained any territory since the original cease-fire line was drawn in 1949. There are several reasons why New Delhi is not likely to try to press now for control of the disputed area.

The first is a doubt that the people of Azad Kashmir, as the Pakistani portion is called, would welcome control by India; in that case, India could be confronted with an embarrassing uprising. The second reason is that in 1963, shortly after India's brief but bloody war with China, Pakistan worked out a provisional border agreement with Peking ceding some 1,300 sq. mi. of Kashmir to China. Peking has since linked up the old "silk route" highway from Sin-

asides to express their delight. "The valiant struggle of the people of Bangladesh in the face of tremendous odds has opened a new chapter of heroism in the history of freedom movements," Mrs. Gandhi said. "The whole world is now aware that [Bangladesh] reflects the will of an overwhelming majority of the people, which not many governments can claim to represent."

There was little joy in New Delhi, however, over the Nixon Administration's hasty declaration blaming India for the war in the subcontinent, or

over U.N. Ambassador George Bush's remark that India was guilty of "aggression" (see box). Indian officials were also reported shocked by the General Assembly's unusually swift and one-sided vote calling for a cease-fire and withdrawal of troops.

Call for Armaments

Meanwhile, there was still the danger that other nations could get involved. Pakistan was reported putting pressure on Turkey, itself afflicted with internal problems, to provide ships,

tanks, bazookas, and small arms and ammunition. Since Turkey obtains heavy arms from the U.S., it would be necessary to have American approval to give them to Pakistan. There was also a report that the Soviet Union was using Cairo's military airbase Almaty as a refueling stop in flying reinforcements to India. Some 30 giant Antonov-12 transports, each capable of carrying two dismantled MIGs or two SAM batteries, reportedly touched down last week. The airlift was said to have displeased the Egyptians, who are disturbed

The U.S.: A Policy in Shambles

THE Nixon Administration drew a fusillade of criticism last week for its policy on India and Pakistan. Two weeks ago, when war broke out between the two traditional enemies, a State Department spokesman issued an unusually blunt statement, placing the burden of blame on India. Soon after that, U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations George Bush branded the Indian action as "aggression"—a word that Washington subsequently but lamely explained had not been "authorized."

Senator Edward Kennedy declared that the Administration had turned a deaf ear for eight months to "the brutal and systematic repression of East Bengal by the Pakistani army," and now was condemning "the response of India toward an increasingly desperate situation on its eastern borders." Senators Edmund Muskie and Hubert Humphrey echoed Kennedy's charges.

The critics were by no means limited to ambitious politicians. In the *New York Times*, John P. Lewis, onetime U.S. A.I.D. director in India (1964-69) and now dean of the Woodrow Wilson School of Public and International Affairs at Princeton, wrote: "We have managed to align ourselves with the wrong side of about as big and simple a moral issue as the world has seen lately; and we have sided with a minor military dictatorship against the world's second largest nation." In Britain, the conservative *London Daily Telegraph* accused Washington of "a blundering diplomatic performance which can have few parallels."

Since March, when the Pakistani army staged a bloody crackdown in East Bengal, murdering hundreds of thousands of civilians and prompting 10 million Bengalis to flee across the Indian border, the U.S. has been ostentatiously mild in its public criticism of the atrocities and of Pakistan's military ruler, President Yahya Khan—a man whom President Nixon likes. Washington wanted to retain whatever leverage it had with the Pakistanis. Moreover the Administration was grateful for Islamabad's help in arranging Presidential Adviser Henry Kissinger's first, secret



"Now, let me make the Big Picture perfectly clear..."

trip to China last July. India was shaken by Washington's sudden gesture toward its traditional enemies, the Chinese, with whom it had fought a brief war in 1962. Behind the scenes, many State Department officials urged in vain that the Government take a harder line toward Yahya, for humanitarian as well as practical political reasons.

In the past five years, China has displaced the U.S. as Pakistan's chief sponsor. India, increasingly dependent on the Soviet Union for military aid, finally signed an important treaty of friendship with Moscow last summer. The U.S. was not solely responsible for driving the Indians into the Soviet camp; but its policy of not being beastly to Yahya convinced the Indians that they could not count on the U.S. for moral support. The result of the treaty: U.S. influence in India was virtually neutralized.

The Administration's current anger, however, stems from a more recent incident. During her trip to Washington last month, India's Prime Minister Indira Gandhi led President Nixon to believe that her country had no intention of going to war. Later, when the In-

dian army made what appeared to be a well-planned attack on East Pakistan, Washington officials concluded that Mrs. Gandhi's trip had been a smokescreen for massive war preparations. Richard Nixon was furious, and was behind the initial Government statements branding India the aggressor.

Last week, in an attempt to justify U.S. policy, Presidential Adviser Kissinger held a press briefing. (The remarks were supposed to be for "background use" only until Senator Barry Goldwater blew Kissinger's cover by printing a transcript of the briefing in the *Congressional Record*.) Kissinger insisted that the U.S. had not really sided with Pakistan, but had been working quietly and intensively to bring about a peaceful political solution. Indeed, at the time of the Indian attack, he claimed, U.S. diplomats had almost persuaded Yahya Khan and the Calcutta-based Bangladesh leadership to enter into negotiations. New Delhi had precipitated the fighting in East Pakistan, Washington believed, and refused to accept a cease-fire because it was determined to drive the Pakistani army out of East Bengal.

It can be argued, however, that Washington was guilty of an unfortunate naïveté by believing that a political solution was possible after the passions of the Indians and Pakistanis had become so aroused. Given the continued existence of a power vacuum in East Bengal, it may have been as unrealistic to expect the Indians to refrain indefinitely from dealing their archenemy a crippling and permanent blow as to have expected the Israelis to halt their 1967 advance in the middle of the Sinai.

It is true that the new U.S. policy toward China has further restricted Washington's room for maneuver with the Indians, but this hardly explains or excuses the Administration's handling of recent affairs on the Indian subcontinent. Because of blunders in both substance and tone, the U.S. has 1) destroyed whatever chance it had to be neutral in the East Asian conflict; 2) tended to reinforce the Russia-India, China-Pakistan lineup; 3) seemingly placed itself morally and politically on the side of a particularly brutal regime, which, moreover, is an almost certain loser; and 4) made a shambles of its position on the subcontinent.



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over India's role in the war. For its part, Washington stressed that its SEATO and CENTO treaties with Pakistan in no way bind it to come to its aid.

If the Bangladesh government was not yet ensconced in the capital of Dacca by week's end, it did appear that its foundations had been firmly laid. As Mrs. Gandhi said in her speech to Parliament, the leaders of the People's Republic of Bangladesh—as the new nation will be officially known—“have proclaimed their basic principles of state policy to be democracy, socialism, secularism and establishment of an egalitarian society in which there would be no discrimination on the basis of race, religion, sex or creed. In regard to foreign relations, the Bangladesh government have expressed their determination to follow a policy of non-alignment, peaceful coexistence and opposition to colonialism, racialism and imperialism.”

Bangladesh was born of a dream twice deferred. Twenty-four years ago, Bengalis voted to join the new nation of Pakistan, which had been carved out of British India as a Moslem homeland. Before long, religious unity disintegrated into racial and regional bigotry as the autocratic Moslems of West Pakistan systematically exploited their Bengali brethren in the East. One year ago last week, the Bengalis thronged the polls in Pakistan's first free nationwide election, only to see their overwhelming mandate to Mujib brutally reversed by West Pakistani soldiers. That crackdown took a terrible toll; perhaps 1,000,000 dead, 10 million refugees, untold thousands homeless, hungry and sick.

The memories are still fresh of those who died of cholera on the muddy paths to India, or suffered unspeakable atrocities at the hands of the Pakistani military. And there are children, blind and brain-damaged, who will carry the scars of malnutrition for the rest of their lives. As a Bangladesh official put it at the opening of the new nation's first diplomatic mission in New Delhi last week: “It is a dream come true, but you must also remember that we went through a nightmare.”

Economic Prospects

How stable is the new nation? Economically, Bangladesh has nowhere to go but up. As Pakistan's eastern wing, it contributed between 50% and 70% of that country's foreign exchange earnings but received only a small percentage in return. The danger to East Bengal's economy lies mainly in the fact that it is heavily based on jute and hurlap, and synthetic substitutes are gradually replacing both. But if it can keep all of its own foreign exchange, as it now will, it should be able to develop other industries. It will also open up trade with India's West Bengal, and instead of competing with India, may frame joint marketing policies with New Delhi. India also intends to help with Bangladesh's food problems in the next year.



PAKISTANIS FIRE FINAL CHARGES BEFORE RETREAT IN EAST

One of the main conditions of India's support is that Bangladesh organize the expeditious return of the refugees and restore their lands and belongings to them. The Bangladesh government is also intent on seeking war reparations from Pakistan if possible.

What of West Pakistan? The loss of East Pakistan will no doubt be a tremendous blow to its spirit and a destabilizing factor in its politics. But the Islamabad regime, shorn of a region that was politically, logistically and militarily difficult to manage and stripped down to a population of 58 million, may prove a much more homogeneous unit. In that sense, the breakup could prove to be a blessing in disguise. Both nations, moreover, might be expected to get considerable foreign aid to help them back onto their feet.

Leadership Vacuum

Last week Yahya announced the appointment of a 77-year-old Bengali named Nurul Amin as the Prime Minister-designate for a future civilian government, to which he has promised to turn over some of his military regime's power. Amin figured in last December's elections, which precipitated the whole tragedy. In those elections Mujib's Awami League won 167 of the 169 Assembly seats at stake; Amin, an independent who enjoyed prestige as an elder statesman, won one of the two others. But he is essentially a figurehead, and former Foreign Minister Zulfikar Ali Bhutto was appointed his deputy, which means that he will probably have the lion's share of the power. That may come sooner than expected. There were reports last week that Yahya's fall from power may be imminent. Bhutto is a contentious, pro-Chinese politician who was instrumental in persuading Yahya in effect to set aside the results of the election and to keep Mujib from becoming Prime Minister of Pakistan.

Bangladesh's main difficulty is apt to



PAKISTANI SOLDIER IN BUNKER
Demoralized and in disarray.

come from a leadership vacuum should Yahya refuse to release Mujib, the spell-binding leader who has led the fight for Bengali civil liberties since partition. All of the Awami Leaguers who formed the provisional government of Bangladesh in exile last April are old colleagues of Mujib's and have grown accustomed to handling responsibilities since he went to prison. But running a volatile war-weakened new nation is considerably more difficult than managing a political party. The trouble is that none of them have the tremendous charisma that attracted million-strong throngs to hear Mujib. The top leaders, all of whom won seats in the aborted National Assembly last December by overwhelming margins are:

■ Syed Nazrul Islam, 46, acting President in the absence of Mujib, a lawyer

who frequently served as the Sheikh's deputy in the past. He was active in the struggle against former President Ayub Khan, and when Mujib was thrown in jail, he led the party through the crisis.

► **Tajuddin Ahmed**, 46, Prime Minister, a lawyer who has been a chief organizer in the Awami League since its founding in 1949. He is an expert in economics and is considered one of the party's leading intellectuals.

► **Khandakar Mushtaque Ahmed**, 53, Foreign Minister, a lawyer who was active in the Indian independence movement and helped found the Awami League.

The most immediate problem is to prevent a bloodbath in Bangladesh against non-Bengalis accused of collaborating with the Pakistani military. Toward this end, East Bengal government officials who chose to remain in Bangladesh through the fighting are being inducted into the new administration and taking over as soon as areas are liberated. Actually, India's recognition came earlier than planned. One reason was to circumvent a charge reportedly bugging in the U.N. that India had joined the battle to annex the province to India. Another was to enable the Bangladesh government to assume charge as soon as large chunks of territory were liberated by the army. Since New Delhi does not want to be accused of having exchanged West Pakistani colonialism for Indian colonialism, it is expected to lean over backward to let the Bangladesh government do things its way.

The Walk Back

Is there any chance that the Pakistanis may yet engineer a startling turn of the tide, rout the Indians from the East and destroy the new nation in its infancy? Virtually none. As Correspondent Clark cabled: "Touts who are betting on the outcome between India and Pakistan might ponder the fact that two of the TIME correspondents who were visiting Pakistan this week [Clark in the West, Stewart deep in the East] were there with Indian forces."

And so at week's end the streams of refugees who walked so long and so far to get to India began making the long journey back home to pick up the threads of their lives. For some, there were happy reunions with relatives and friends. For others tears and the bitter sense of loss for those who will never return. But there were new homes to be raised, new shrines to be built, and a new nation to be formed. The land was there too, lush and green.

"Man's history is waiting in patience for the triumph of the insulted man," Rabindranath Tagore, the Nobel-prizewinning Bengali poet, once wrote. Triumph he had, but at a terrible price. With the subcontinent at war, and the newborn land still wracked by bone-shattering poverty, the joy in Bangladesh was necessarily tempered by sorrow.

UNITED NATIONS

A Man Without Color

Ralph J. Bunche was by his own admission a man of many predispositions. "I have a deep-seated bias against hate and intolerance," he once said. "I have a bias against racial and religious bigotry. I have a bias against war, a bias for peace. I have a bias which leads me to believe that no problem of human relations is ever insoluble."

From hard personal experience, Bunche knew other, less commendable prejudices. He was a black in a country biased against his race, and he was an

no legal alternative but to accede to Egypt's demand that the force be withdrawn. Many critics maintain that if Bunche and Thant had stalled the Egyptians and fought harder to keep the blue-helmeted troops on hand, the Six-Day War might have been averted.

Alaboma Chase. Born in Detroit, the son of a barber, Bunche was orphaned at 13. He starred in football, baseball and basketball at the University of California at Los Angeles, but suffered a knee injury that was to trouble him the rest of his life. He graduated with Phi Beta Kappa honors from U.C.L.A., took his doctorate at Harvard,

later did advanced work in anthropology and colonial policy at Northwestern University, the London School of Economics, and the University of Cape Town. From 1938 to 1940, he did research for Swedish Sociologist Gunnar Myrdal's monumental study of U.S. race relations, *An American Dilemma*. The work took Bunche and Myrdal into the Deep South, where one night a mob of whites, angered by their questions about interracial sex, chased them across Alabama.

Leaving the Office of Strategic Services, where he had risen to chief of the Africa section, Bunche joined the State Department and became one of the authors of the United Nations Charter. In 1946, at the request of Secretary-General Trygve Lie, he went on loan to the U.N.; he joined the permanent secretariat the following year and quickly became the Secretary-General's right-hand man, a role he filled until his retirement. When the mediator of the Palestine dispute, Count Folke Bernadotte of Sweden, was assassinated by Israeli terrorists in late 1948, Bunche took over. It required painstaking, brilliant diplomacy to bring the Arabs and Israelis together on the island of Rhodes; Bunche's forceful personality, plus occasional hilliard games, helped to keep them there. When the armistice agreement was reached 81 days later, Bunche gave the negotiators special pieces of Rhodes pottery, made before the negotiations opened. To an Israeli delegate who asked what he would have done with the pottery had the talks failed, Bunche smiled and said: "I would have broken them over your heads."

Double Problem. The remark illustrated the irreverent side of Bunche's personality. He was an avid football and baseball fan, and most of the participants at high-level U.N. meetings probably never suspected that the scraps of paper delivered to him during their sessions sometimes contained nothing more momentous than the scores of games. A very private man, he lived quietly with his family in the New Gardens section of New York City.

Bunche was sometimes criticized by



RALPH BUNCHE
A unique status.

American in a world persuaded that no U.S. citizen could approach international relations with impartiality. Yet when he died last week at 67, six months after his health had forced him to resign as the United Nations Under Secretary-General, Bunche had achieved a unique status: a black without color and an American who belonged to all the nations.

His most spectacular success at the U.N. was undoubtedly the negotiation of the 1949 armistice between the newly born state of Israel and its Arab neighbors. For that achievement, he won the Nobel Peace Prize the following year. But Bunche was proudest of his 1956 role in organizing the 6,000-man U.N. peace-keeping force in the Sinai and Gaza, which maintained the peace for eleven years. "For the first time," he said then, "we have found a way to use military men for peace instead of war." It was Bunche, however, who advised Secretary-General U Thant in May 1967 that the Secretary-General had

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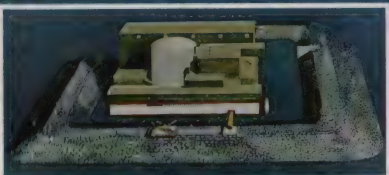
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other blacks for not taking a more militant role in their struggle, but there was never any doubt where he stood or how he felt. Bunche walked his first picket line for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People in 1937. He joined the march from Selma to Montgomery, Ala., six years ago. At high school in Los Angeles, Bunche was valedictorian of his graduating class, but had been refused admission to the school's honor society because of his race. Years later he turned down Harry Truman's offer of appointment as Assistant Secretary of State, at that time the highest U.S. post ever offered a black. Said he: "It is well known that there is Jim Crow in Washington. It is equally well known that no Negro finds Jim Crow congenial. I am a Negro."

In recent months, Bunche's 200-lb. frame was racked by a succession of debilitating illnesses. Nearly blind, he suffered from heart disease, kidney malfunction and diabetes. Last week President Nixon eulogized Bunche as a man who "never relented in his persistence to advance the cause of brotherhood and cooperation among men and nations." Now the U.N., which has seldom seemed so ineffective, has a double problem: to find a replacement for the retiring Thant and to fill the void left by the man whom the Secretary-General called "the most effective and best-known of international civil servants."

CAMBODIA

In for the Duration

Cambodia last week was the main battleground of Southeast Asia—lamentably so, since its chief role in the war is as an unwilling sanctuary and supply base for the North Vietnamese. Once again trying to disrupt that sanctuary, 25,000 South Vietnamese troops last week were engaged in a much-ballyhooed sweep

through the rubber plantations of eastern Cambodia against moderate resistance and with inconclusive results. In another theater, the Cambodians were reeling from a major defeat at the hands of the North Vietnamese two weeks ago. And for the first time since the war began, Cambodia's capital, Phnom-Penh, came under a brief rocket attack.

Evident Failure. The Cambodian defeat came as a shattering blow to the country's fledgling army, which has been built up perhaps too swiftly since the invasion by South Vietnamese and U.S. troops in May 1970. In an operation dubbed Chenla II (named after a Khmer kingdom that existed from the sixth to the eighth century), 20,000 Cambodian troops set out last August to lift a 15-month siege of Kompong Thom, 78 miles north of the capital on Route 6. By October, the main force had reached that objective, but in the meantime had left troops strung out in perilously thin numbers along the road. The North Vietnamese counterattacked at the town of Rumlong, 30 miles south of Kompong Thom on Route 6, an important crossroads for the eastward flow of supplies on which the Communist forces in eastern Cambodia depend.

The Cambodians finally retreated after 19 days of fierce fighting, only to be hit again at the nearby towns of Kompong Thmar and Baray. Some fled south to the starting point of Chenla II. Others dug in at Kompong Thom, which was by now choked with refugees. Premier Lon Nol, who had ordered the operation and staked his personal prestige on its success, called it off. The failure was evident: each side controlled almost exactly the same area as it held in August.

Following up their tactical and psychological advantage, the Communists quickly moved troops from southern Cambodia to within rocket range of

Phnom-Penh and last week sent three Russian-made rockets into the city's outskirts.

Disatisfaction. Were the Communists about to invade Phnom-Penh? Not likely. Their aim, rather, seemed to be to force the Cambodians to move troops back to defend the capital and give up their road-clearing operations, leaving the countryside clear for the collection and movement of supplies. In Kompong Chhnang province northwest of Phnom-Penh, the Communist forces buy rice and fish from farmers at below-market prices, and transport the supplies to combat units by several routes. As long as such routes are open, the Communists are expected to content themselves with harassing government positions and attempting to organize a Cambodian guerrilla force in rural areas. But as one diplomat in Phnom-Penh put it last week, "When the Cambodians interfere with the flow of supplies, they get hit."

Thus, despite the fighting on the outskirts, there was no sign of panic in Phnom-Penh last week. Disatisfaction with the Lon Nol regime was on the rise, but the Cambodians could count a few blessings: all major population centers and most roads were still under government control. Still, the inescapable lesson of Chenla II was that the Cambodians have little hope of driving the North Vietnamese out of their country as long as Hanoi needs it. Like it or not, the Cambodians are in the war for the duration.

SOUTH KOREA

Imaginary Emergency

Running for a third term earlier this year, South Korea's President Chung Hee Park warned repeatedly that North Korea was poised for another attack on the South. "The situation," he said then, "is reminiscent of the eve of the Korean War." Last week, in a move that startled his allies as well as his countrymen, he declared a "state of national emergency" because, he said, "our country is confronted with a grave situation." In the process, he reinforced his personal grip on an already highly controlled democracy.

No Evidence. The emergency declaration stopped short of martial law, but its six points demanded that citizens refrain from "irresponsible arguments on national security matters" and warned them to be prepared "to concede some of the freedom" they now enjoy. Park also asked the National Assembly to give the government additional powers to protect military facilities, limit publication of security information and commandeer private property, if necessary.

Park claimed that North Korea "has nearly completed the preparation for invasion," and his Premier, Jong Pil Kim, reminded *TIME* Correspondent Herman Nickel that Northern troops would have to sweep only 30 miles to take Seoul "in a Sinai-style surprise attack." But

CAMBODIAN SOLDIERS FIGHTING NORTH OF PHNOM-PENH



in Washington, the State Department reacted with polite astonishment. "We have no evidence that an attack is imminent," a spokesman said, and his view was privately seconded by United Nations Command sources in Korea.

All visible signs, in fact, point to a lessening of tension on the divided peninsula. Incidents along the Demilitarized Zone and elsewhere have fallen off from 761 in 1968 (the year of the U.S.S. Pueblo seizure and the attempt on Park's life by a North Korean death squad) to only 53 so far this year. Representatives of the North and South Korean Red Cross are meeting at Panmunjom in discussions aimed at facilitating direct mail exchanges and family visits across the border.

Heavy Going. Why then should Park choose a time of improving relations to heighten the climate of crisis? One reason seemed to be that the cohesiveness of the Park regime depends on a continuing external threat. Despite his victory this year, Park's grip is far from absolute. Two months ago he shut down ten colleges and universities in the face of student demonstrations (TIME, Oct. 25).

Members of the opposition parties, which collected a combined 51.2% of the vote this year, and of Park's own government are already jockeying for the 1973 presidential election. Park, 54, will have been in power for 14 years by then, and he has said he will not contest the race, although last week's action aroused suspicion that he may not step down after all.

Park's problems are complicated by severe inflation (the price of rice has soared 25% this year) in the largely agricultural South. Though it has more than twice the North's 14 million inhabitants, the South still lacks the heavy industry that fuels the economy of North Korea.

Perhaps a more important reason for last week's move is Park's realization that South Korea will have to stand more on its own in the future. The U.S. has withdrawn 20,000 troops in the past year, although it has shelved further cutbacks among the remaining 40,000 until at least mid-1973. The prospect of closer relations between Washington and Peking poses new problems for South Korea, as it does for other U.S. allies in Asia.

As it happens, North Korea faces similar problems in the changing world. With his Soviet and Chinese allies striking more conciliatory postures in world affairs, the North's Premier Kim Il Sung would be hard-pressed to win substantial backing from Moscow or Peking for the sort of massive invasion Park ostensibly fears.

Kim has repeatedly vowed that he will reunite Korea and force American "imperialists" to withdraw from the peninsula. But Kim's ground forces would find the going heavy. Seoul has about 650,000 well-trained men in its land, sea and air forces, an estimated 200,000 more than Pyongyang.

ULSTER

The Murder of Santa Claus

With a touch of gallows humor the bluff but shaken citizens of beleaguered Belfast have taken to asking: "How many bombing days until Christmas?" In a heightened campaign of terror, the outlawed Irish Republican Army is apparently trying to bring the center of the city to a shattered standstill by Christmas. Last week brought twelve major explosions and 27 deaths, the highest toll ever in Northern Ireland's troubled history. In addition, I.R.A. gunmen murdered three members of the Ulster Defense Regiment, a local militia with 6,000 members, most of them Protestants. One of the victims, however, was a Catholic gunned down in his own parlor as his five children looked on.

Fifteen persons, the largest number to die in a single incident, were killed when a large bomb, containing perhaps as much as 100 lbs. of gelignite, pulverized McGurk's Pub, a cheery, shabby Catholic bar located on the edge of downtown Belfast. As a British major helped direct the rescue operation, a

sniper mortally wounded him with a bullet in the head.

The British army speculated that an I.R.A. terrorist used McGurk's for a rendezvous, and the bomb that he was carrying went off by accident. But the I.R.A. blamed the Ulster Volunteer Force, the Protestant equivalent of the I.R.A., for the blast, which killed three women and two children.

Gift Dynamite. The day after McGurk's was demolished, a six-story carpet and linoleum factory in East Belfast went up in flames. The fire, started by bombs set by two armed raiders, caused \$2.5 million in damage and cost 600 people their jobs.

The next day, an explosion ripped a festively lit shopping arcade in Belfast, and flying glass wounded 21 people. At week's end, a bomb blew up in a crowded furniture store on Belfast's Protestant Shankill Road, killing four people. Bombs also went off in three other stores and offices, bringing to more than 1,000 the total number of explosions set in Ulster this year, most of them since the British began internment suspected I.R.A. terrorists without trial last August.

Though the British army has increased its patrols in midtown Belfast, shoppers laden with packages pose a serious problem; the holiday wrapping paper could hide gelignite. Merchants have boarded up store windows but keep their shops open, hoping that some buyers will continue to venture into the city's center. The number is dwindling.

"Regardless of the cost to ourselves and regardless of the cost to anyone else, we will keep this campaign going," said Sean MacStiofain, chief of staff of the Provisional wing of the I.R.A. But in one sense the campaign was plainly becoming counterproductive. The horror of Christmas-time violence has produced a wave of revulsion in Britain as well as Ulster. But the violence also made many in Northern Ireland question their government's claim that the gunmen are being beaten. Claimed MacStiofain, "We are stronger than we have been for many months."

BRITISH OFFICER DRESSED AS ST. NICK



SMOLDERING RUINS OF MCGURK'S PUB IN BELFAST



ITALY

The Making of a Presidente

Originally intended as a largely ceremonial post, the presidency of Italy has grown in power and prestige as successive postwar Cabinet coalitions have proved incapable of dealing with the nation's problems. The President has the authority to appoint the Premier and his ministers, to help set the tone of foreign and domestic policy by his appointments, and to cow squabbling politicians by threatening to call elections at almost any time. He also has the ability to plunge Italian politics into months of utter chaos every seven years by the mere process of getting himself elected.

Avoiding Snipers. Last week 1,008 electors (630 Deputies, 320 Senators and 58 regional representatives) were in the process of naming a successor to Giuseppe Saragat, whose term expires Dec. 28. The chosen electors went about that serious task with all the noble intent and glow of national interest of a group of *condottieri*.

The rules of the game preclude primaries or campaigning by the candidates. The choice is made by secret ballot, which allows a maximum of wheeling, dealing, intrigue and fine Italian double-cross. The object is to see who can garner the most votes from the other parties, since no party in Italy's fractional politics enjoys anything remotely resembling a majority. The candidate must also avoid defections from within his own party. Such defectors are known as *tiratori franchi*, or snipers. The game is so complex that Saragat was elected in 1964 only after 21 ballots, taken over the course of 13 days.

The apparent leader before the balloting began last week was Amintore Fanfani, 63, four times Premier and most recently president of the Senate. A short (he claims to be 5 ft. 6 in.), brusque, brash former economics professor, he is the candidate of the Christian Democrats, the largest party in the governing center-left coalition. Should he falter, former Premier Aldo Moro is more than willing to replace him. Moro, also a Christian Democrat, has visibly moved from the center toward the left of late, even as Fanfani was moving from left to center. Fanfani's other chief rival is Francesco De Martino, Deputy Premier and the candidate of the Socialist Party, who has a firm promise of support from Italy's second largest party, the Communists. Leading a host of lesser candidates and potential contenders is President Saragat himself, who in the early balloting was drawing his votes mainly from the relatively small Social Democratic Party. He is trying to become the first President to serve two terms since the present Italian constitution was adopted in 1947.

Civil Turbulence. The opening ballots reflected the larger political crosscurrents sweeping Italy. The country has been swept by labor unrest for the past three years and is currently undergoing



DE MARTINO



SARAGAT & FANFANI

"He who goes in a Pope comes out a cardinal."

its sharpest recession since World War II, with a consequent rise in unemployment to 5%. The resulting strikes and civil turbulence have aided an upsurge of the neo-Fascist Movimento Sociale Italiano, which won a worrisome 13.9% of the votes on a "law-and-order" platform in local elections in central-southern Italy last June. (The Communists won 21.1%, compared with 26.9% in the 1968 general election.) On top of all that, Italy's year-old law authorizing divorce has brought another split; the anti-divorce forces, led by the neo-Fascists, have garnered more than enough signatures to force a referendum on repeal, likely to be held next spring. Polls show that they might well win.

The Christian Democrats and Communists both want to avert such a referendum. They fear that it would seriously divide the country into clerical and secular camps. The Communists, who strongly backed the divorce law in the first place, also worry that many of their voters might desert them on the issue.

The Communists are in a position to swing the election of the president, with their 259 disciplined electoral votes. They are pledged to support De Martino, but not necessarily to the bitter end. Both Fanfani and his bitter rival Moro have sent emissaries to their headquarters on the Via delle Botteghe Oscure (Street of Dark Shops) in Rome's fashionable shopping district.

Damned Dwarf. When the electors filed past the dark green wicker urn in the Chamber of Deputies in the courtyard of the Bernini-designed Montecitorio Palace last week, the extent of the various splits became all too clear. After four ballots the Christian Democrats, divided into at least nine *correnti* (currents, or factions), gave only 349 of their 423 votes to Fanfani; with the support of lesser parties, he gained a total of 377 votes. De Martino, with the Communists supporting him, won 411 votes. Saragat was third with 50.

Fanfani was the victim of the snip-

ers, which was fair enough, since in 1964 he led party dissidents to oppose and defeat his party's candidate, Giovanni Leone. Now one dissident scrawled across his ballot: "Damned dwarf, you'll never be elected." For the time being, the front runners could take only cold comfort from an old Italian saying about papal conclaves: "He who goes in a Pope comes out a cardinal."

POLAND

Needed: All Hands, All Brains

Poland's Sixth Party Congress was shrewdly timed for dramatic effect. Only a few days before the anniversary of the worker revolts that brought the country to the brink of civil war last year, Poland's crew-cut Communist Party Leader Edward Giersek, 58, summoned the party's regional leaders and local delegates to Warsaw for the meeting.

Thanks in part to a secret \$100 million Soviet loan, Giersek, who succeeded longtime Party Leader Wladyslaw Gomułka at the height of the 1970 riots, has made impressive progress in overcoming the food and clothing shortages that have periodically plagued Poland. Shops are better stocked, people better dressed. The price increases that ignited last December's violence have been rescinded, and wages have increased an average 5%. In an effort to ease the country's tensions, Giersek is seeking an accommodation with the Catholic Church, to which 95% of Poland's 32.5 million people owe at least nominal allegiance. He has freed the farmers, who constitute half the labor force, from stifling government controls.

Don't Forget Piotr. Even so, Giersek was anxious to gain the party's mandate for his reformist leadership before the first anniversary of the riots. As Soviet Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev and other East bloc party leaders looked on in the ornate Palace of Culture and Science, whose façade was decorated with a seven-story portrait of Lenin, Giersek made a strong plea to Poles for



GIEREK GREETING WOMAN WORKER IN LODZ
To each according to his output.

cooperation. "Our supreme aim," he declared, "is the systematic improvement of living standards"—including at least one free Saturday per month for all workers. He called too for a greater sense of unity and purpose. "Poland today needs every brain, every pair of hands."

The 1,804 delegates, half of them industrial workers, frequently interrupted Gierek's 3½-hour speech with applause. Later, when he and Premier Piotr Jastrzewicz mingled with delegates on the congress floor, the two men were so mobbed by admirers that Gierek nearly lost his footing. One woman delegate from Gdansk kissed Gierek on both cheeks and invited him to visit her factory. As other women swarmed toward him, Gierek pointed nervously at Jastrzewicz and said, "Piotr, Piotr," indicating that the Premier deserved a share of their attention.

Paying for Performance. The congress swiftly endorsed Gierek's proposals. It adopted his new five-year plan

calling for greater emphasis on housing (more than 1,000,000 apartments to be built during 1971-75), greater freedom and incentives for industrial managers, and a higher rate of investment in consumer products. Production has already begun on a new, inexpensive auto, which workers and peasants will be able to buy in 36 monthly installments. In a drastic break with past practice, the new plan calls for wages to be paid according to a worker's performance, thus amending the old Communist tenet that each should be paid according to his needs.

The congress also elected a new Politburo that further strengthened Gierek's position. Out went three members who had been appointed to the Politburo by Gomułka, notably Józef Cyrankiewicz, the President of Poland, who is now expected to lose that post too, and Mieczysław Moczar, the hard-lining former secret police chief, who was Gierek's possible rival. Gierek, who has sacked some 10,000 middle- and lower-echelon bureaucrats, hinted that there might be further firings: "For bad work, and even more so for bad will, we must dismiss people from their positions."

As this week's anniversary of the revolts drew near, some delegates to the congress from Gdansk, scene of the worst rioting, reported variously that the mood of the city was "uncertain" or "volatile." Gierek hopes that his record to date will persuade Poles to be patient, but he and his colleagues are mindful that the workers, having overthrown one government with surprising swiftness, may not be willing to wait very long.

DIPLOMACY

Berlin Breakthrough

After several last-minute delays, the two Germans last week initiated an agreement that represents a crucial advance in East-West relations. Negotiated under the aegis of the broader Big Four talks on Berlin, the agreement aims at eliminating a chief source of cold war tensions by guaranteeing relatively free passage of people and goods between West Germany and West Berlin, which is 110 miles inside Communist-ruled East Germany.

In a parallel development, East Germany agreed to grant passes through the Wall dividing the city; they will be good for up to 30 days a year for West Berliners planning to visit East Berlin and East Germany. West Berliners have been barred from East Berlin since 1966, from East Germany since 1952. Disputes over the terms of the passes had delayed the initialing of the access agreement for a week.

Since the Berlin access issue was the key to a diplomatic breakthrough, the way now is open for further progress. The most immediate effect is that the Big Four now can sign the final Berlin protocol, which will incorporate the access and Wall-pass agreements. At Soviet insistence, West Germany is expected to ratify the renunciation-of-force agreements it negotiated in 1970 with Poland and the Soviet Union, so that they will go into effect at the same time the Berlin protocol is signed. The NATO countries, which have made Berlin a test of Soviet intentions, will then be prepared to accept the Communist invitation to a conference on European security that will in effect end World War II with formal international acceptance of the status quo on the divided continent.

Good Show for the Blimps



NYERERE BEATING CEREMONIAL DRUM

WITH an emphatic beat on a giant ceremonial drum, Tanzania's President Julius Nyerere launched a nationwide celebration marking his East African country's tenth anniversary of independence from Britain. On hand for the twelve days of merrymaking were the Presidents of four neighboring states. So were some 80 former colonial civil servants whom Nyerere brought from London aboard a chartered VC10—in keeping with a promise he had made in 1961—to see what the country had accomplished in its first decade of *uhuru* (freedom). Amused locals promptly nicknamed the East African Airways jetliner the "Blimps Special."

Nyerere had a lot to show his guests, including a brand-new international airport at the foot of Mount Kilimanjaro in northern Tanzania. He also took some of his visitors on a 20-minute train ride to mark the inauguration of a completed 312-mile section of the 1,150-mile TanZam railway, which Tanzania and neighboring Zambia are building with the help of a \$406 million interest-free loan from China. Only one thing marred the festivities: a raid on Dar es Salaam by two mysterious planes that showered the capital with antigovernment leaflets. The airdrop was thought to have been organized by supporters of a renegade politician, Oscar Kambona, who has lived in exile in London since 1967.



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a Volkswagen.





“...and to all, a great Bourbon.”

PEOPLE

West German Chancellor **Willy Brandt** acquired both his wife and his university education from Norway, when he was a young refugee from the Nazis. Now he was back to pick up another notable ornament to his life, the Nobel Peace Prize. "Let me tell you how much it means to me," said Brandt in his acceptance speech. "That I should see the name of my country linked with the desire for peace—after all the indelible horrors of the past."

On his 75th birthday, in 1969, Germany's Grain Tycoon **Alfred C. Toepfer** created a "European Award for Statesmanship," to be presented to the statesman who did most for the cause of European unity. After years of search, the selection committee picked their first prizewinner: Britain's Prime Minister **Edward Heath**, "for his outstanding services to the entry of Britain to the European Community, to European unification, and the standing of Europe in the world."

Newport's **Hammersmith Farm**—where **Jacqueline Onassis** spent her summers when she was young, and which **John F. Kennedy** used on occasion as the summer White House during the Camelot days—has now been listed for sale. "Too much of a burden to maintain," said a spokesman for Washington Stockbroker **Hugh D. Auchincloss**, Jackie's stepfather. Not that the Auchinclosses will find themselves with nowhere to lay their heads in Newport. Only the main house and 25 acres are on the market, leaving the family with about 45 acres and two other houses—not to mention caretaker cottages, greenhouses and garages.

French Painter **Gibislain** ("Jicky") **Dussart** has been faithful to Film Star **Brigitte Bardot** in his fashion; during

the past 15 years he has taken some 60,000 photographs of her. A hundred of them are now on exhibition in Paris at the Left Bank Nikon Gallery, and BB herself—false freckles and all—turned up for the opening, urging the press to take plenty more pictures ("What do you think I came here for?"). Anyone would have been a fool not to. "The only way you can mess up a picture of Brigitte," says Dussart modestly, "is to forget to put film in your camera."

"I believe that more lies have been printed and told about me than about any living man," said **Howard Hughes**, 65. Obviously, there was only one thing to do. Hughes has dictated his autobiography—from his Houston childhood through his careening career as moviemaker, airline owner, speed-record breaker, electronic tycoon, husband, and archrecluse. To help him tell his story, Hughes has appropriately chosen a fiction writer, **Clifford Irving**, author of several novels and *Fake*, the biography of the Hungarian forger of modern art. **Elmyr de Hory**, 1.111 will print three 10,000-word installments of the book beginning in early March, and McGraw-Hill will publish the 230,000-word volume a few weeks later. Characteristically, the taping sessions for the book were shrouded in such Hughesian secrecy that a spokesman for the Hughes Tool Co. and Hughes' own public relations firm insist that it must be a hoax.

Some 5,000 veterans of the peace movement and a few newcomers gathered in Manhattan's vast Cathedral of St. John the Divine for a "Remember the War" rally at the invitation of Epis-

THOM LOUGHRAN



MOORE & MAILER
Remember the war.

copal Bishop Coadjutor **Paul Moore Jr.** Among the newcomers: Playwright **Tennessee Williams**, "Here to express my profound disgust with the war." Among the veterans: Superstar **Norman Mailer**, for whom the gathering was "a celebration. After all, this is the first time in my life that students, a peace movement, ever succeeded in shifting a major empire from its military aims." The war was really ending, Mailer added, and it behooved movement members to begin thinking out what new paths to follow, if they were not to become a bunch of left-wing totalitarians. Next came a Mailer playlet full of four-letter language.

The present **Morquis de Sade** prefers the title Count. But **Xavier de Sade**, an agricultural engineer in the French village of Condé en Brie and the father of five children, is not ashamed of his infamous ancestor. He feels, in fact, that the man who gave his name to sadism was more sinned against than sinner. "All the big men of his time were doing the same things that he was," says Xavier. "They had to find a scapegoat, someone who could absorb all the dirtiness of the era, and they found him. Killing, raping—it all depends who's doing it."

Mother would have been proud. In a smashing opening reminiscent of a **Judy Garland** triumph at the Palace, Daughter **Liza Minnelli** in Paris brought down a house that included the **Richard Burtons**, **Salvador Dali** and U.S. Ambassador **Walter Annenberg**, then sent the critics into paroxysms of praise for her robust singing. *France-Soir's* review began: "Santa Claus, thank you, thank you for having already left this super-present." Said *L'Aurore*: "A pontifical cascade of superlatives would not suffice to express the greatness of the talent and the personality of **Liza Minnelli**."



BARDOT AS VIEWER



BARDOT AS VIEWED

MODERN LIVING

The Sensuous Doll

From the playroom comes the chatter of happy voices. Little figures are dancing to rock music, while off in one corner a paddle-ball game goes on. A demure little blonde quietly recites nursery rhymes. Other little ones busily tidy up, sing and pour tea. None of the active figures is human; all are toys. Around them, real children stand silently, watching their dolls perform.

This is the year of the action doll. Across the land, toy stores are alive with the sound of dolls singing, whining, cooing and crying; with dolls that dance, walk, clean and shop; and dolls that ride their own horses, posture in their own beauty contests and drive their own convertibles.

A few of the homunculi, however awesomely mechanized, remain in the infantile category. In-a-Minute Thumbelina, seated in a high chair, bangs its cup on the tray and demands to be fed. When Baby Tweak's tummy is squeezed, it coos, and when Drowsy's pull-out cord is yanked, it whines things like "Mommy, I want another drink of water" or "Mommy, I want to stay up." Slightly more sophisticated but equally maddening to adults is Timey Tell, which has twelve different messages matched to the hour of the day. Set its wristwatch at 12 and pull its cord: "It's 12 o'clock. Time to eat lunch." At 4: "It's 4 o'clock. Let's have a tea party." Still more obnoxious is Smartypants, labeled by its makers as "the first truly intelligent doll in the world." Sample demonstration of intellect: "I have five little toes."

For the child who wants more mature companionship there's Play 'N Jane:

it plays ticktacktoe, horseshoes or a primitive form of basketball whenever its human counterpart flips an activating switch. Randi Reader sits holding a book, and at the touch of a button proceeds to read 15 nursery rhymes, her blue eyes gazing intently at the page.

Motorized Check-Out. The more spectacular new dolls, however, are those that perform grown-up tasks. Bizzie Lizzie pushes a carpet sweeper, dusts and irons. Busy Becky the Handy-Helper, programmed in much the same way, comes with twelve housekeeping accessories. Shoppin' Sheryl pushes a shopping cart, reaches out with a magnetized "Magic Hand" to pluck items off shelves, then pays at what is labeled a Motorized Check-out Counter after the sale is rung up on a Ringing Cash Register. Surely an Overdrawn Bank Account is in the works somewhere.

Staples like Barbie and Dawn are still around, but they too are now available in live action. Poised on a motorized stage, Barbie (or Ken or P.J.) can be made to dance, jog and exercise to either hard-rock rhythms or Lawrence Welkish tempos.

Barbie's rival Dawn stars this year in a beauty pageant—a mini-Miss America contest complete with bathing suits, evening dresses, a dinner-jacketed escort doll named Gary and a jeweled scepter all on a pink plastic stage. "It is a part of Americana," explains Jack Jones, a spokesman for Topper Toys, which manufactures the pageant. "We are constantly seeing things that are based on beauty and talent, and the child wants to be a part of it."

Simple Fantasies. Here and there, a few voices protest the trend. Dr. Herbert C. Modlin, a Menninger Foundation psychiatrist, believes that mechanized dolls do not give a child a chance to participate, while "a simple doll gives a child a chance to invest it with her own fantasies and to express her own personality."

Slightly less "simple" are the boy and girl dolls manufactured for the U.S. market by a German firm. These have both secondary and primary sexual characteristics and, according to a buyer at a large Manhattan department store, are selling well. "I believe very strongly in them," he says, "and expect that Barbie and Ken will probably go this way in the future—though there's no telling what the children will have them doing then."

Taking a Flyer

When scoffers tell Dave Kilbourne, a 31-year-old Californian, to go fly a kite, he is only too happy to oblige. He flies over them in a delta-winged kite that looks like a large version of a child's paper dart. "My family all think I'm nuts," he admits, "but this kite flying, launching yourself off a cliff into a



KILBOURNE ON THE WING
Next, the airplane.

breeze, has got to be the most satisfying thing ever."

Kilbourne does, literally, jump off cliffs. His avocation, shared by about 50 adventurous spirits in the San Francisco area, is a new and considerably more dangerous version of the familiar takeoff on water skis. The water skier uses a flat kite, and must remain attached to a boat's towrope, but, theoretically at least, the delta-wing can go anywhere. Kilbourne first saw one being used three years ago by a touring Australian and built a copy of nylon and aluminum. Says Kilbourne: "One day I didn't have much else to do, so I decided to hike up the hill and try the kite. I launched into the strong wind, and I could almost just hover. I was floating down the hill maybe two miles an hour. I realized then that if I had a bigger kite, I could have been flying up the hill, soaring."

Not for Kids. Last month he took his 22-ft. red, white, blue and yellow creation up in a balloon. Casting off at 9,600 ft. over Tracy, Calif., he floated from breeze to breeze for 15 minutes. That put him one up on other kiterers, who often get their lifts from auto tows.

Manned kites are maneuvered by changing their center of gravity. The pilot sits in a swing seat near the center of the kite, holds a handle bar and shifts his weight, thus controlling the attitude and direction of the kite. Although it sounds simple, flying the contraptions is, as Kilbourne says, "no game for kids." In November, two kiterers were killed. One, a Los Angeles beginner, died when he crashed during an auto tow. The second, a friend of Kilbourne's, plummeted 200 ft. straight down when his auto towline snapped.

Kilbourne is now trying to develop a small backpack engine that the flyer can wear to create his own thrust when the wind dies down. With a few more improvements like that, he will have invented the airplane.



DAWN & BEAUTY PAGEANT
Watch out for Smartypants.



(Too much flash.)



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FTC Report
Aug. 71

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THE LAW

Neither Truth nor Victory

Sentenced to death for the brutal murder of a 15-year-old New Jersey girl, the cocky young high school dropout stubbornly refused to admit any guilt. During 14 years on death row, a record in U.S. penal history, he argued his innocence in court appeals and a remarkably well-written book (*Brief Against Death*). Last week Edgar Smith, now 37, became a free man. His release did not mean that he had been pardoned or acquitted; instead, he made a carefully rehearsed public confession. The extraordinary exercise in plea bargaining not only obscured the truth but also soured his victory.

Coerced Statement. Armed with a high IQ (154), Smith used his cell time to take college correspondence courses and study law. Over the years he lodged 19 appeals to federal and state courts while delaying execution dates. Public interest in his case mounted, and *National Review* Editor William Buckley became a friend and patron.

This May, after Washington, D.C., Attorney Steven Umin persuaded the Supreme Court that Smith was entitled to a lower-court hearing, a federal judge finally overturned the original conviction. He found that an incriminating statement made by Smith had been coerced "by the totality of the circumstances" surrounding the police interrogation. New Jersey was told either to hold a new trial or let Smith go.

Neither side, as it turned out, wanted to go through a second trial, though the prosecution still had damaging physical evidence with which to bolster a charge of homicide, and Smith never denied being with the victim shortly before she died. He claimed that she was alive when he left her with another man. But proving first-degree, premeditated murder at this stage seemed unlikely. Also, a psychiatric report and Smith's own behavior in jail had established that he was thoroughly rehabilitated.

As for Smith, his funds from book royalties were running low. Further, his former wife is remarried and has never told his daughter about him; he did not want to involve them in any way. Finally, he wanted his freedom as soon as possible. With pretrial motions and delays, his imprisonment seemed likely to stretch on even if he eventually won acquittal. He decided to make a deal.

Theater v. Justice. For days he was shuttled between his cell in Trenton and a Hackensack courthouse. There he kibitzed idly with guards while three floors above the lawyers worked out the details with Prosecutor Edward Fitzpatrick and Judge Morris Pashman. A detailed scenario was agreed upon, and last week in court Smith went through the routine. Though normally a man of closely guarded emotions, he became

flushed and strained during the judge's questioning. Did he murder Victoria Zielinski? "I did," he said in a voice so low that spectators had to strain to hear. Was anyone else involved? "No." After dozens of other questions nailed down details, the case was closed. "I'm satisfied beyond any question, beyond any doubt," said Judge Pashman in accepting a plea of no defense to second-degree murder. The sentence was a maximum of 30 years. With time off for good behavior, that left Smith with a balance of a little more than four years during which he will be on probation.

"What you saw wasn't justice, it was theater," said Smith later. "It was something I had to do to gain my freedom." Though he will not directly deny his courtroom admission—presumably out of fear of affecting his probation—his implied recantation leaves the truth of what happened in 1957 as murky as ever.



SMITH UPON ARREST IN 1957 . . .



. . . ON TV LAST WEEK
A deal instead of a trial.

Decisions

► In the 24-year history of the Taft-Hartley Act, the Federal Government has sought 80-day cooling-off periods in 28 major labor disputes, pleading that "national health and safety" required an end to the strikes. The Government was never refused. During the current dock strike, the Attorney General contended that the failure of 200 Chicago longshoremen to load \$75 million worth of corn and soybeans for export imperiled the national economy. Federal Judge Abraham Lincoln Marovitz found the Government's case for an injunction "far less-reasoned" than required. "Some harm or threat of injury is regrettably a natural, indispensable element of any strike," he said in the first denial ever of a Taft-Hartley cooling-off injunction. "However, it is the very essence of the only weapon labor can aim at management. Corn and soybeans are not airplane parts or missile components, and grain elevators are not steel mills or railroads." On the Government's petition to a court of appeals, Marovitz's ruling was upheld.

► In suburban Detroit, Mr. and Mrs. John E. Troppi, already the parents of seven, became apprehensive about the possibility of another pregnancy. Mrs. Troppi obtained a prescription for Norinyl, Syntex Laboratories' contraceptive pill, and her nervousness vanished. But her calm mood, she claimed, was the result of her druggist's mistake: he had given her Nardil, a tranquilizer, and Mrs. Troppi later gave birth to a son. If the Troppis can prove negligence, a Michigan court of appeals ruled, a lower court can then order the druggist to pay damages. In computing the amount, the appeals bench said, the value of the joys of parenthood may be subtracted from the costs of raising a child.

► Dissatisfied with conditions and rules at Maryland's Patuxent Institution, a group of 13 inmates asked a Maryland circuit court to free them. They claimed that the inmates' constitutional rights, including free speech, due process and protection from cruel and unusual punishment, were being violated by prison routine. Judges Robert Watts and Ralph Miller saw no reason to turn any inmates loose, but they did order important reforms. A Patuxent prisoner threatened with solitary confinement must henceforth get a hearing before a "relatively impartial" panel. The solitary cells must have adequate light, ventilation and sanitary facilities, and stays in solitary must not exceed 15 days. The court also ruled that institution officials were failing to make an effort to rehabilitate some inmates. One of the prisoners' lawyers, Julian Fepper of the National Law Office in Washington, D.C., believes that the verdict establishes a convict's nascent right to rehabilitation that will become a precedent in other states. Patuxent officials plan to appeal the decision.



"MS." EDITOR STEINEM



FIRST-ISSUE COVER

For the Liberated Female

In an effort to advance the cause of Women's Liberation, the feminist movement has launched a host of publications ranging from radical underground broadsides (*Off Our Backs*) to slick monthlies (*New Woman*). Some of these new journals now appear only sporadically because of money troubles. The latest Lih effort previews this week as a 44-page supplement to the year-end issue of *New York* magazine. It seems far more promising than its predecessors, principally because its editor is feminism's superstar, Gloria Steinem.

Titled *Ms.*, after the movement's preferred form of female address (instead of Mrs. or Miss), the magazine will appear on its own in January with a special double issue and then lie dormant until late spring, when monthly publication is scheduled to start. Elizabeth Harris, 49, a former vice president of CRM, Inc. (*Psychology Today*, *Intellectual Digest*), will serve as publisher. Editor Steinem, 37, envisions *Ms.* as a nonsexist "how to" magazine "for the liberated female human being—not how to make jelly but how to seize control of your life."

Clubby *Intensify*. *New York* is giving a helping hand at the start primarily because Steinem and several of her writers are members of its own staff. Judging by the first issue, *Ms.* would seem to have a lot of *New York's* clubby, without intensity but not enough of its firecracker prose or provocative flair.

Inevitably, the supplement's graphics are those of *New York* itself, but Steinem & Co. are still in search of a style of their own for future issues. In "The Housewife's Moment of Truth," *New York* Contributing Editor Jane O'Reilly outlines a seven-point program of back stiffening for women who want their men to share more of the household chores, but concludes sadly that living up to it may well prove impossible. In a fit of *Msogamy*, Freelancer Susan Ed-

miston charges that the traditional marriage ceremony locks the woman into a subservient state; she advocates that formal contracts be signed before marriage that will spell out responsibilities for both husband and wife.

Gender Freedom. *Ms.* also contains a bristly, jargon-loaded attack on sexist child rearing by Author Letty Cottin Pogrebin (*How to Make It in a Man's World*). She roundly condemns "sex-stereotyped" toys, books, games and emotions (girls are "cuddled," boys "rough-housed") that reinforce "role rigidity" and inhibit "gender freedom." Pogrebin takes TV commercials particularly to task for imparting to children the dictum that ruggedness makes the man and prettiness the woman.

In the lead article, Editor Steinem rather solemnly defines what she considers to be the rationale for the Liberation movement. Women, writes Steinem, "share the dreams, capabilities and weaknesses of all human beings, but our occasional pregnancies and other visible differences have been used . . . to mark us for an elaborate division of labor that may once have been practical, but has since become cruel and false. The division is continued for clear reason, consciously or not: the economic and social profit of men as a group."

After its special January issue, which will cost \$1.50, *Ms.* will sell for a dollar a copy, and its publishers hope to achieve a circulation of 250,000. Ads will have to be presented in a manner that, says the prospectus, "respects women's judgment and intelligence." Steinem promises to "refuse ads that are insulting," and has already ruled out vaginal deodorant promotions because she considers them "physically harmful." But ads for bras, which the movement supposedly regards as symbolic shackles, will be accepted. Explains Steinem: "It is a physiological question of whether or not you are comfortable wearing one—not that you are somehow indecent if you don't."

End of the Stone Age

Isidor Feinstein Stone, the irrepressible godfather of New Left journalism, has finally decided to slow down a bit. Last week, in a form letter that began "Dear Friend and Subscriber," he announced that his pungent, polemic four-page newsletter, *I.F. Stone's Bi-Weekly* (*TIME*, Feb. 8), would close down at the end of this month after a 19-year run.

Now nearly 64, Izzy Stone admitted in his farewell letter that "the compulsion to cover the universe in four pages has become too heavy a burden." Still, he will hardly be silent. Stone has sold the *Bi-Weekly* subscription list—which has grown from 5,300 in 1953 to 71,000 today—to the *New York Review of Books*; he will join the *Review* in January as contributing editor. He plans to write "more articles in depth" like his five-part series on "The American Military Establishment" and excerpts from his book *The Killings at Kent State—How Murder Went Unpunished*, both of which were first published in the *Review*.

For several months, Stone has been looking in vain among younger Washington newsmen for a successor to carry on the *Bi-Weekly*. Although apparently recovered from a heart attack three years ago, he has recently been suffering from chest twinges and eyestrain as deadlines approach, and thus has to give up his ambition to keep the "leak-bite paper" alive until the end of next year, "when it will be 20 years old and I'll be 65."

Izzy, though, has no regrets. "I've shown that if you want to be a stubborn damn fool, you can do it your way and get away with it and make a living," he says. "It was a form of self-indulgence, and I've had a wonderful time at it. With all due respect to the *New York Times*, I'd rather have had these 19 years being editor of this fly sheet than editor of the *Times*."



POLEMICIST STONE
Self-indulgent compulsion.

Jingle Belle



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MUSIC

Black Moses

When Isaac Hayes is ready to start a concert, he sings his first song from off-stage. Only then do the doors burst open, and a cloaked, bearded, shaven-headed figure strides forward, accompanied by four armed bodyguards ("You just can't be too careful with a man of this stature," says his manager). A black girl doing an "African dance of adoration" stops long enough to remove Hayes' orange, black and white cape, revealing him arrayed in black tights, fur cuffs, a leather vest and a necklace of gold chains.

He sits down behind the organ and launches into a jazz-styled number called *Do Your Own Thing*. In the course of two hours he sings only six or seven pieces: long, intricate blends of soul, blues, rock, white pop and gospel, with titles like *One Big Unhappy Family*, *I Stand Accused* or *Our Day Will Come*. Then, tossing a handful of Isaac Hayes medallions to the crowd, he is gone, with no encores. The rite is over.

At 28, Isaac Hayes is the brightest new black pop star in the U.S., the composer of the hit song from the movie *Shogun* (now in the top five on the charts) and a singer whose last four LPs have all been what the trade calls "platinum" disks (earning \$2,000,000 wholesale).

Such success enables Hayes to drive around in a Jaguar or one of his two Cadillacs; he has a third on order with gold-plated bumpers. "I like luxury, man," he says, "because it's what I never had."

He was born on a sharecropper's farm some 40 miles north of Memphis. Orphaned soon after birth, he was raised by his grandparents. "Bubba," as he was called in those days, started singing in church choir lofts when he was five. Moving to Memphis a few years later, he began scrounging for work in black clubs, notably Curry's Tropicana and the Tiki Club. He did one-nighters at moonshine joints in towns like Greasy Corner, Ark., sometimes with his own group, Sir Isaac and the Doo-Dads. He spent one night sleeping on a crap table, one whole summer living in a junked car.

In 1964 Hayes teamed up with Lyricist David Porter and started composing songs for Memphis-based Stax Records. Then, as now, he could neither read nor write music; he hummed his melodies into one-tape recorder, his rhythms into another, and left it to an arranger to combine them. In four years Hayes and Porter turned out enough hits, like *Soul Man*, *Baby and Hold On*, *I'm Com-*

ing, to guarantee them a respectable place in the history of songwriting.

Into their songs, Hayes and Porter injected the whole experience of the black ghetto. Hayes' style, though, is much smoother than that of the ghetto blues shouters. In his throaty baritone, he sings with the cool, unruffled lyricism of a Lou Rawls. And the orchestrations provided for him are so rich in their classical scoring that they often sound as though his 38-piece band has been joined by the Memphis Symphony—which is sometimes the case.

Hayes' most notable contribution to pop so far has been to introduce the



POP SINGER ISAAC HAYES
Bodyguards and tights.

"rap" into the top 40. While the organ holds a chord, Hayes talks for as much as ten minutes—or sermonizes, as in his preamble to *Never Can Say Goodbye*: "We as humans have a tendency to let two things run away from us: our pride and ego." At first the raps were a way to get nightclub audiences quiet. Then they became a bridge between white men's songs (Hayes' favorites: Glen Campbell and Burt Bacharach) and black audiences. Of his 18-minute version of Campbell's *By the Time I Get to Phoenix*, he says: "I had to bring that song down to soulsville; paint a picture black people could relate to."

Cult Hero. One night in 1967, Hayes and a Stax vice president got slightly looped at a party, and the next thing Hayes knew they were back in the studio. By the following morning, his LP debut as a singer, *Presenting Isaac Hayes*, was in the can. Nowadays, by contrast, a Hayes LP takes months to prepare—but, then, Stax is no longer presenting a singer, it is presenting a cult hero. Hayes' latest, the just-released

Black Moses, is a prime example. The jacket is an elaborate fold-out that pictures Hayes robed and sandaled against a cross-shaped background. The liner notes tell his life story in biblical language that begins, "And so it came to pass."

Back in Memphis, Isaac Hayes is a more secular hero, but nonetheless a hero. "Hey, Bubba," the white owner of a propane gas station calls as Isaac cruises by in his turquoise El Dorado. "You gotta give me an autograph for my daughter; she doesn't believe you used to work for me." Isaac signs, then nods to a friend: "I used to wash cars and mow the grass around here."

Satire and Slapstick

A genuinely funny ballet is as rare as, well, a genuinely funny Broadway comedy these days. Choreographing humor, in fact, requires someone with the quirky genius of Jerome Robbins, whose seldom seen 1956 comic gem, *The Concert*, has just been auspiciously revived by the New York City Ballet. Completely restaged and updated by Robbins, it is still a hilarious, crowd-pleasing delight, especially for anyone who has ever suffered through a *Swan Lake* mangled by an under-rehearsed road company.

As the title suggests, *The Concert* starts at a recital. A mop-haired pianist stalks imperiously across the stage to his waiting instrument, elaborately dusts off the keyboard and then sails into some Chopin pieces. As he plunks away, an audience arrives: a pair of whispering ladies with jangly handbags, a bored cigar chomper and his prissy wife, an ecstatic temptress so caught up in the music that she seems to be seducing the piano. The sequence ends in a parody of musical chairs when an usher discovers that everyone has the wrong ticket stub.

And so it goes, in a series of dancing blackouts that range from satire to slapstick. Thanks to the precise timing of the City Ballet soloists, the intricate sight gags work to perfection. In an otherwise delicate sextet, one or another of six girls is either out of place, out of step or out of line. A lyrically complicated double duet turns into a Lao-coon-like tangle.

When the pianist strikes up the "*Butterfly*" *Etude*, the performers appear with wings and antennae. A girl twirls daintily forward through two converging rows of dancers, when the lines part, there she lies—splat—on the stage floor. The pianist, his repertoire and his patience exhausted, suddenly grabs a huge butterfly net and chases the creatures offstage.

Robbins' more recent masterpieces, *The Goldberg Variations* and *Dances at a Gathering*, the latter also set, incidentally, to Chopin piano pieces, conclusively proved that he is the best of all American-horn choreographers. The revival of *The Concert* shows that he is ballet's daftest, dullest clown as well.

—John T. Elson

ENVIRONMENT

Week's Watch

Like other suburbanites, most citizens of Cleveland's Shaker Heights just love dogs—their own, that is. Other people's merely make messes. Those who own no dogs find their seat a common danger to the unwary footstep and an offense to the wandering eye. After receiving 82 complaints in one month, Shaker Heights' city council finally approved an ordinance which declares that "no person being the owner or in charge or control of any dog shall allow or permit such dog to commit a nuisance" on any public or private property without the property



SHAKER HEIGHTS CITIZEN & DOG
Scoops for scat.

owner's permission. Offenders would be subject to fines of up to \$500, six months in jail, or both. Shaker Heights now has the problem of enforcement: no arrests have yet been made, but some dog-owners are now following their pets around with scoop and broom.

Every morning and evening, five days a week, commuters to San Francisco take to their cars and turn the roads leading to the city's two big bridges into fume-filled alleys of torpor and noise. Last week, discarding the usual answer of building more bridges, the state's division of Bay Toll Crossings acted to attract fewer cars. As an experiment, two lanes on the Bay Bridge from Oakland were reserved for cars carrying three or more riders. Such car pools pass through its toll booths free during morning rush hours; otherwise the daily \$04 fare is collected. The experiment, which will last indefinitely and cost the state \$160,000 a year, should save commuters in car pools \$20 a month and keep about 1,500 cars out of town each day.

Hot Town

Except on the coldest days of the Colorado winter, the doors of the Pomona Elementary School annex, on the outskirts of Grand Junction, are opened during recess. The reason is that the building is radioactive. Unless the rooms are aired, radioactive gases and particles seeping through the floors cause the radiation in the school rooms to rise dangerously above safe levels. In fact, during the summer months when the school is closed up, radiation rises to a level 18 times higher than the guideline established by the U.S. Surgeon General.

Pomona Elementary's problem is shared in less acute form by buildings in at least a dozen other Colorado communities and by Grand Junction itself, an important uranium-producing town until the ore petered out in the mid-1960s. The villain is uranium "tailings"—the gray, sandy debris that piled up in small mountains beside the mills as refuse from the mining operations. The tailings were known to contain some residual radiation, but below levels the AEC then considered to be a health or safety hazard. As the town boomed along with its uranium mines, Grand Junction contractors seized on the tailings as a convenient and cheap source of landfill and concrete mix. Over the years, thousands of tons of tailings went into the construction of schools, homes, commercial buildings, sidewalks, an airfield and a shopping mall.

Cleft Palates. By 1961, says the AEC, "form letters" were mailed to health officials warning that while the agency did not have regulatory jurisdiction over the tailings, their radium content could be hazardous; health officials, however, claim they never received the letters. In 1966 the Colorado state health department attached test-film badges to several buildings in downtown Grand Junction; the badges promptly turned black from radioactivity. This led the state to pass legislation requiring contractors to get permits before using tailings in any project.

In 1970 a pediatrician in Grand Junction, Dr. Robert Ross, noticed an increase in the number of cleft palates and other birth defects in the area, and communicated his concern to Dr. C. Henry Kempe, chairman of the pediatrics department at the University of Colorado's Medical Center. Their joint studies, reported last October, indicated that the incidence of cleft lip and palate was almost twice as high in the Grand Junction area as for the rest of Colorado, the birth rate significantly lower, the death rate from congenital anomalies 50% higher.

But the town was slow to take alarm. Paul Hathaway, regional editor of Grand Junction's *Daily Sentinel*, explains: "Uranium turned this from a sleepy little cow town to a booming city. They ac-

cept it as part of their existence. That's why you don't see a lot of immediate concern about the tailings." As Frank Folk, who is principal of a local school, puts it: "I'd just as soon be here in the clear air with the tailings as in some of those cities with their smog."

Radon Daughters. Maybe so, but scientists are now seriously concerned about the long-term effects of such low-level radiation on individuals living and working in buildings in which tailings were used. Of about 5,000 such structures in the Grand Junction area between 1,500 and 2,000 have been found to contain radon gas. This gas is so penetrating that it can seep through foundations and into basements and other closed spaces. Even more ominous is the fact that radon gas breaks down into "radon daughters," highly radioactive substances that physicians believe cause genetic defects and cancer.

TIME Correspondent Ted Hall, who recently visited the town, reports that the mood there now is one of apprehension, confusion over how much radiation is actually dangerous, and anger.

"I'm not trying to become the Ralph Nader of radiation," explains Willis Stubbs, an insurance salesman whose four children attend Pomona Elementary, "but people need to be told to get the hell out from the tailings, or that it's all right." Both he and his wife have come to doubt the Surgeon General's guideline. Says Mrs. Stubbs: "They say chances of damage to the children is one in a million. Well, suppose your child is that one in a million? We happen to be parents and we are concerned about it." So are some local businessmen. A bank has decided not to offer mortgages to home buyers until radiation readings have been made.

What to Do? Remedies are not easy. Of course, entire structures can be torn down, but not many people want to do that. Alternatively, hot structures can be jacked up and the fill replaced with dirt. But all this is expensive, and neither the state nor the AEC has been eager to pick up the tab. The whole problem is confused by the continuing debate about how much radiation is dangerous—an incredibly difficult decision since effects may not show up for several generations.

Last week, AEC Chairman James Schlesinger visited Denver, where he discussed Grand Junction's troubles with Governor John Love and admitted that Grand Junction contractors, the state, and the AEC share a "moral responsibility" for the tailings. He stressed that the radiation poses no "immediate" danger to residents. On the other hand, he said that radiation levels "are higher than we would prefer, so some remedial action is intended." When, he could not say—except to state that "there is presently no plan to provide funds from the Federal Government" for removing the tailings, which could cost as much as \$20 million.

MEDICINE

Survival for \$25,000

At 29, Don Shevlin was just two months away from taking his oral exams for a Ph.D. in English at U.C.L.A. Today, two years later, he has neither the degree nor any prospect of a teaching job. Says he: "I see myself as perennially impoverished."

Shevlin suffers from chronic kidney disease, an incurable type that necessitated the removal of the organ. Now, in order to prevent a fatal buildup of toxins in his blood, he must report to the university hospital three times a week for kidney dialysis, a six-hour cleansing process that enables him to survive until he can get a kidney transplant. Since his illness wiped out his small savings, Shevlin lives on welfare payments of \$178 a month, while the State of California pays for most of the cost of his treatments—which amounts to \$3,000 a month.

Shevlin's position is not unique. Nearly 5,000 Americans are currently undergoing regular kidney dialysis. Thousands more would choose such treatment if it were more widely available, but none can escape the gigantic cost of staying alive.

Ruinous Rates. The annual hospital charge for in-patient dialysis averages about \$25,000. New York Hospital's newly opened Rogosin Kidney Disease Treatment Center, which operates 14 units (and treated former U.N. Under Secretary-General Ralph Bunche until his death last week), charges \$200 per treatment; hospitals in the Boston area charge anywhere from \$148 to \$337 but bill separately for doctors' services.

The hospitals' own expenses are high. Dialysis machines cost from \$2,600 to \$5,000; disposable filters and tubing, which are generally used only once, run as high as \$14 to \$28 per treatment. Almost no patients can afford to pay the full price, but most hospitals will not turn a patient away for lack of funds. Hospitals usually charge patients who have insurance only what their policies allow, then write off the remainder. But many insurance policies fail to provide adequate funds for long-term dialysis. Among uninsured patients, many turn to the state to finance their treatments.

Over the Limit. The terms for state aid often are stern. California's Medical program limits its assistance to families living at federally established poverty levels. Thus Maurice Chiqui, an employee of a Los Angeles architectural firm, applied for help to pay for his

wife's dialysis and learned that he was ineligible if he had more than \$1,200 in his bank account. Chiqui was \$60 over the limit, so he ran out and spent the money in order to qualify. Others have been forced to sell their homes or cars before becoming eligible for assistance.

Most doctors and hospital officials see little chance of reducing the costs for in-hospital dialysis. But medical men are looking for less expensive alternatives to the present system. Many have found that dialysis can be performed more cheaply on an out-patient



DIALYSIS PATIENT AT NEW YORK HOSPITAL

What are the alternatives?

basis and are trying to persuade insurance companies, many of which now pay only for in-hospital treatment, to finance this approach.

Others see the answer in private dialysis centers, which have no hospital overhead and therefore can make a profit while providing the service at lower rates. Boston's Babcock Artificial Kidney Center charges an all-inclusive \$160 per treatment and plans to lower its price to \$130—as compared to \$387 at the nearby Peter Bent Brigham Hospital.

Transplant Bargain. Some doctors see home dialysis as a solution. This costs \$15,000 in the first year, when equipment must be purchased, but drops to about \$5,000 a year thereafter. Home dialysis requires training in the use of the machine, however, and adjustment to the long hours of self-treatment. "This machine ruins your ego completely," says Dr. Eugene Hoffman Sr., senior medical adviser to Blue Cross of Southern California. "People who use it have nothing else to hang on to."

But most doctors—and patients as

well—agree that the best way to avoid the high costs of chronic dialysis is to make it unnecessary. About 90% of the patients currently undergoing dialysis are suitable candidates for kidney transplants. The success rate for transplantation of kidneys from live donors is around 70%, while that for operations using cadaver kidneys is almost 50%. The cost of a new kidney is a bargain of sorts: a maximum of \$25,000, or about one year's worth of in-hospital dialysis.

Unfortunately, the supply of donor kidneys is far smaller than the demand, and many patients must wait months and sometimes years. Until this shortage is met, patients with kidney disease will continue to go into dialysis—and debt—just to stay alive.

Danger in Baby Soap?

Among olfactophobic Americans, few chemicals are more commonly used than hexachlorophene. An antibacterial agent that supposedly helps to prevent offensive odors by inhibiting the growth of the germs that contribute to them, hexachlorophene is a common ingredient of soaps, shampoos, and toothpastes as well as special preparations used to wash newborn babies. But is it safe? Not for babies, according to the U.S. Food and Drug Administration. Although there is no proof that hexachlorophene has harmed humans when used according to directions, the FDA sent a warning last week to 600,000 doctors and health officials, declaring that regular bathing with products containing 3% or more of the chemical may cause brain damage.

The safety of hexachlorophene has been in dispute for some time. The chemical has been blamed for brain seizures in young burn victims who have been washed with it, and for skin irritations in women who use feminine deodorant sprays. In addition, researchers reported earlier this year that rats fed on hexachlorophene suffered brain damage and paralysis. Others observed that hexachlorophene could be absorbed through the skin and that some babies who were washed regularly with it developed concentrations of the chemical.

Monkey Evidence. The most damaging evidence against hexachlorophene, however, came from Winthrop Laboratories, whose popular baby cleanser pHisoHex is 3% hexachlorophene. Winthrop recently tested the soap on baby monkeys, who were bathed with it daily for 90 days. All of the animals developed brain lesions.

Because there is no proof that hexachlorophene harms humans, the FDA has not banned products containing it, nor does the warning apply to preparations containing small amounts. At the least, the FDA alert, aimed primarily at commonly used baby cleansers, should decrease their use. To replace them, the American Academy of Pediatrics has proposed a substitute that will keep a baby just as clean as hexachlorophene: plain soap and water.

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EDUCATION

Ousting a Reformer

When Philadelphia police broke up a demonstration by black high school students in November 1967, School Superintendent Mark Shedd protested angrily to Police Commissioner Frank Rizzo. In Shedd's view, the cops were unnecessarily rough with the students and had undercut his efforts to negotiate with them about a black-studies program. The commissioner strongly disagreed, and as Shedd recalls their meeting, Rizzo told him: "If it's the last thing I do, I'm gonna get your ass."

Rizzo did. He made Shedd's "permissiveness" a major issue in his successful campaign for mayor this fall. Immediately after the election, Mayor James Tate at Rizzo's behest appointed two known opponents of Shedd's to

hili. Shedd's best-known project was developing the Parkway "school without walls" (TIME, March 23, 1970), which tried to combat student restlessness by holding classes throughout the city, in museums, factories and even in Rizzo's police academy. Morale in the system rose: in a number of schools, so did elementary reading scores, spurred by an intensive remedial reading program.

Alienating Whites. Philadelphia, meanwhile, was inexorably generating the kind of pressures that have cut the average tenure of big-city school superintendents to three years during the past half decade. The foundation grants and federal aid that Shedd had obtained to launch his lively ideas were cut back by the recession. In addition, his reforms provoked opposition from the entrenched school bureaucracy, which did

FREDERICK A. WYDEN



FORMER SUPERINTENDENT SHEDD



FORMER POLICE CHIEF RIZZO (1968)

New ideas were not enough.

the school board, thereby reducing the supporters of the superintendent to a minority. Last week, just before the board met to fire him, Shedd, 45, accepted the inevitable and resigned.

Fast Redo. Shedd has been widely regarded as one of the nation's most progressive and innovative school officials. His basic problem in Philadelphia, as one suburban colleague puts it, was that he "tried to redo fast a school system that had just been through 30 years of inactivity." Shedd graduated from the University of Maine and has a doctorate in education from Harvard. He first came to the attention of politicians and educators in the early 1960s, when, as superintendent in Englewood, N.J., he successfully cooled the racial tensions that flared over school integration. In 1967 he took command of the school system of the nation's fourth largest city.

Soon after his appointment, Shedd began to decentralize the large (285,000 students) and cumbersome system by giving principals greater autonomy. At the same time, he streamlined administrative procedures. In the wake of the 1967 protests, Shedd installed one of the nation's first large-scale black-studies programs, including courses in Swa-

not take to Shedd's often aloof and high-handed manner. Although his new programs were not designed exclusively for the long-neglected problems of black students, few of the innovations percolated into the classrooms of low- and middle-income white children, whose parents are Philadelphia's voting majority.

Shedd offended conservatives and veterans' groups by granting student demands for draft-counseling services. Many parents blamed violence in the schools on his policies; he gave students a "bill of rights," granting them a voice in curriculum and disciplinary procedures. He also authorized them to invite black militants as guest speakers. Last week Shedd admitted to TIME Correspondent Roger Williams that "perhaps I was too idealistic" and allowed that "dealing with the alienation of the black community has had the effect of somewhat alienating the whites."

Some of Shedd's reforms will survive, but the board has made it clear that his successor will come from among the system's regulars. The odds-on favorite is Matthew Costanzo, an associate superintendent known as a sound administrator who is somewhat less permissive toward students than was Mark Shedd.

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MILESTONES

Born. To Dr. Christiaan Barnard, 49, South African heart surgeon and transplant pioneer; and his second wife Barbara, 21, daughter of a Johannesburg industrialist: their first child, a son; in Cape Town.

Died. Ralph Bunche, 67, retired Under Secretary-General of the United Nations and winner of the 1950 Nobel Peace Prize (see THE WORLD).

Died. Yoichiro Makita, 68, president of Japan's fifth largest corporation, Mitsubishi Heavy Industries; of complications from a peptic ulcer; in Tokyo. Makita became head of the mammoth company in 1969, set out immediately to forge an agreement allowing Chrysler Motors to market Mitsubishi's Colt in the U.S., the first such deal between Detroit and a Japanese manufacturer. Makita took unabashed pride in the fact that Mitsubishi's chief products during World War II were warships and Zero fighter planes, and was an outspoken advocate of Japan's rearmament. "Now that our G.N.P. is third in the world," he said, "now that we are among the rich, we have to guard against burglars."

Died. Andrei Andreyev, 76, former deputy of Joseph Stalin and one of the Soviet Union's most durable Old Bolsheviks; in Moscow. Virtually unknown outside the U.S.S.R., Andreyev was a ruthless administrator who, as head of the nation's outmoded railway system during the early 1930s, ordered malingering workers shot. Later entrusted with responsibility for postwar farm collectivization, he was blamed by Stalin for agricultural failures and purged from the Politburo. However, he re-emerged shortly after the dictator's death as a member of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet, a post he held for the next nine years.

Died. Mathilda Kschessinska, 99, prima ballerina assoluta of the Russian Imperial Ballet at the turn of the century and mistress of the Czarevich before he became Nicholas II; in Paris. Isadora Duncan described her as "more like a lovely bird or butterfly than a human being," and Nijinsky tore at his costume in a jealous rage when she upstaged him in a 1911 performance of *Swan Lake*. Though regarded as a national heroine in Czarist Russia, Kschessinska's close association with the royal family—she later married Nicholas' cousin André and became Princess Romanovsky-Krassinsky—made her a target of the Bolsheviks, who sacked her St. Petersburg mansion during the 1917 revolution. Forced to flee the country in 1920, she later established a studio in Paris, where she taught for 35 years. Kschessinska was 63 when her farewell performance at London's Covent Garden received 18 curtain calls.



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BEHAVIOR

Runaway Wives

Alice left home in Wilmette, Ill., to work in a San Francisco supermarket. Darlene, from Chicago, took off for Frankfurt, Germany, to live with a bus driver. Florence abandoned Lake Forest, Ill., to become an artist in Spain, and Rose left Hartford to live with another woman in Chicago.

All four women have opted for what was once an almost exclusively male prerogative: abandoning their spouses and running away. According to private detectives, there are now more runaway wives than ever before. Ed Goldfader, a Manhattan private investigator, says that two years ago only 2% of the spouses he was asked to track down were women. Last year the figure was 23%, and this year it is 42%. Chicago Detective William Wilson says that the pat-

or less intentionally, to cover their tracks.

But there are many more determined female deserters. Nina, for example, was a 36-year-old Massachusetts wife with a maid, two cars, a country-club membership and a corporate-executive husband who drank too many martinis and made too many passes at other men's wives. Committing what Goldfader calls "social suicide," she fled to the West Coast and took on the identity of a friend. There she got a job in advertising and acquired a new Social Security number using her friend's name. Despite her elaborate precautions, she was located through her real birth date, which she gave in applying for company insurance.

Poor Sources. When a wife flees, her husband is at first apt to believe that she must have had an accident. "She



DRAWING BY EVANSTON © 1991 THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE, INC.

"Henry, I've gone as far as I can in this field. I'm leaving you."

tern used to be runaway husbands 4 to 1, but "there has been a complete reversal in the past four years."

Easier Divorce. The increase seems to parallel the rise of Women's Lib, which has led women to expect more freedom and pleasure. Women now feel freer to go off with other men and leave their children to the care of their husbands. Besides, running away has become financially easier. Women have more education and can more readily find jobs. They are more affluent, so they can afford to flee by plane or in the family's second car. They also have the Pill—and the prospect of easier divorce. "Years ago," Investigator Goldfader sums up, "a girl could run only to Mama, who would have told her to go home. Now, chances are that not even Mama's home."

Many runaways appear to be weak, immature women whose flight is really a petulant plea for more understanding. In fact, 50% of runaway wives eventually go home on their own or are easily found because they have failed, more

would never do this on her own; I know her," he often says with absolute confidence. In fact, investigators report, husbands can usually offer few facts to help in the search for their wives. In other words, they really do not know them, which was probably a major cause of trouble all along.

Pregnancy: The Three Phases

Doctors have long studied the physical aspects of pregnancy, but they have paid little attention to its psychological effects. Recently scientists have begun to make up for this lack. Their conclusion: pregnancy is not a time of passive waiting by the woman alone, but an experience of active metamorphosis for both man and woman; while a baby is being formed physically, a family is being created psychologically.

That view is held both by Manhattan Psychoanalyst Max Deutscher, who has just begun a new study of the dreams and fantasies of first pregnancy, and by San Francisco Psychiatrist Arthur Colman



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PREGNANT WIVES REHEARSE WITH HUSBANDS
"Laughter, great glee, and triumph."

and his wife Libby, authors of *Pregnancy: The Psychological Experience*, to be published in January by Herder & Herder. As Deutscher and the Colmans see it, the transformation of marital partners into parents goes through three stages lasting three months each. **THE FIRST TRIMESTER** is basically a time of shock, during which the coming birth is recognized as a cause of major change.

The wife becomes more dependent, and her need for support gives the husband a chance to practice being a father. At other times, the husband's dependence on his wife, spurred by fear that he may lose her to their child, gives the woman an opportunity to be maternal. Pregnancy, in short, becomes a rehearsal for family life. Husband and wife compare themselves with their

own parents, a process that may stimulate self-doubt and guilt (Can they do as well as the older generation? Ought they to do better?).

THE SECOND TRIMESTER is more peaceful. The most important event is the quickening, when the developing infant's movements can first be felt and it begins to seem human. According to Deutscher, couples report playing with the wife's belly and "pushing it to call forth a response from the fetus." There is, he says, "a sense of hilarity and awe, of joking and solemnity and of some quality of respect" that is almost religious.

In this period, mothers may talk to the fetus ("Let's go shopping today"), and most couples give the baby a name—though Deutscher has found that maladjusted couples may christen it "The Thing" or "The Monster." Both husband and wife have fantasies about their child's personality.

THE THIRD TRIMESTER is dominated by two themes: the couple's increasingly obvious sexual differences and their fears of death. The woman's enlarging body increases her sense of strangeness and sexual isolation from her husband, but it also heightens her feeling of femininity and her husband's pleasure in his masculinity. One woman told Colman that she felt radiant when her husband looked at her approvingly "as I clambered up the stairs in my new awkward way." But Colman reports the depression that

They don't come more automatic than this.



Kodak Instamatic®
X-90 camera. Make someone happy. Automatically. With our most automatic automatic. The X-90 sets the exposure automatically. Automatically advances the film automatically. Automatically tells you when it's time to pop on a magicube (for flash without flash batteries). Automatically warns you when the cube is used up. With a superb f/2.8 Ektar lens, it's less than \$145.

Prices subject to change without notice.

he himself felt after a concert he attended with his pregnant wife. "The pianist and Libby were both creative; I was nothing," he says.

The second theme is often expressed as worry over delivery—a worry that can affect men as well as women. Frightened by a film depicting childbirth, one husband dreamed that his wife painlessly delivered nine cellophane-wrapped babies in cardboard boxes. In Deutscher's experience, couples who do not express their fears frequently fail to create a real family.

For the others, he says, delivery is followed by "laughter, great glee, triumph, perhaps, a sense of completion and a sense of beginning."

Hostility to the Handicapped

About 300 million people in the world have highly visible deformities, which cause emotional problems not just for the victims but for the society around them. Primitive cultures often "solve" the problem by putting the cripples to death. Civilized cultures, it now appears, might do the same if they dared.

In a three-year study of attitudes toward the maimed, two German psychologists, Gerd Jansen and Otto Esser, questioned 1,600 adults and 1,000 school-age children. To avoid hypocrisy, they even checked some of their cases with lie detectors.

Many of their subjects spoke sym-



LAUGHTON AS QUASIMODO
It takes time to learn pity.

pathetically of the handicapped, but they often reacted to the sight of deformity with involuntary revulsion: breaking into a sweat or feeling faint chills. Few of them wanted to be friends with a deformed person, much less to marry or adopt one. Most (63%) thought the victims should be kept out of sight in institutions. Although nobody said openly that the handicapped deserve to die, a

number spoke guardedly of the merits of euthanasia on the grounds that "they probably would rather be dead."

Other findings:

► The younger the children being tested, the more pronounced their aversion to the handicapped. "Rejection is the spontaneous reaction," says Esser. "As children grow into society's system of norms, they also grow into pity."

► Children dislike slightly handicapped youngsters more than gravely handicapped ones. Esser's explanation is that healthy children at first think of a child with a minor defect as an equal, but then are disappointed and angered when they find he cannot keep up. By contrast, a child on crutches or in a wheelchair is so "different" that the healthy child feels no sense of identification.

► Ignorance is a major obstacle to social contact with the handicapped. Ninety percent of those interviewed said they did not know how to approach such a person: Would it hurt him to shake hands? they wondered. Did he want help, and if so, what kind?

A physically normal person's aversion to the handicapped is based on his unconscious fear of being struck by a similar fate. As Jansen and Esser see it, the burden—perhaps an impossibly heavy one—is on the victim himself, to let others know how he would like to be treated and to shift attention away from his damaged body and toward the self inside.

Or more dependable and quiet than this.



Kodak Carousel H projector. This is one of the new Kodak Carousel H projectors. So quiet, you can hardly hear it. Because it uses a more efficient quartz-halogen lamp, so the cooling fan can run more slowly, more quietly. And this quiet is joined to traditional Kodak Carousel projector dependability. The Carousel 860H, the most automatic of the Carousel projectors, is less than \$220. Other Carousel H projectors from less than \$80.

Kodak makes
your pictures
count.

Kodak

*When the thought is genuine,
the gift should be.*

Dewar's "White Label"

They say there are a thousand ways to make Scotch whisky. They say.

There's a little corner of the world that doesn't agree. It's the town of Perth, on the banks of Scotland's River Tay. That's where they make Dewar's "White Label."

The men of Perth will tell you that authentic Scotch whisky has to be made where the air is chill and pure,



and the water is cold. And that is the air and water of Perth.

They will tell you that authentic Scotch whisky comes only when fine single whiskies are brought from the hills and glens of Scotland and allowed to sleep like bairns in their own snug vats to the day of full maturity. And that is the way of Dewar's.

They will tell you how each whisky, in its own good time, is brought to the Master Blender himself, who swirls it in his glass... "noses" it... sniffs it again... and takes a long deep breath to compare its bouquet with thousands he has known before.



Gift wrapped at no extra cost.

Does he remember them all? It is said that he does.

Small wonder then that the good red-bearded Scots of Perth show a bit of honest wrath when somebody tries to tell them there are a thousand ways to make authentic Scotch whisky.

Small wonder they consider their Dewar's "White Label" the authentic Scotch of today. And want you to know it.

Authentic.
Dewar's never varies.



BLENDING SCOTCH WHISKY - 60 & 80 PROOF
© SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO., N.Y., N.Y.

BUSINESS

The Crunch That Stole Christmas

AS the annual crop of desk-top evergreens and water-cooler wreaths at-test, Christmas permeates every branch of the workaday world. In this holiday season, however, office parties, business gifts, Christmas cards to customers and year-end bonuses to employees are not as pervasive as in previous years. Caution about the economy, confusion over Phase II, and a generally rising level of employee sophistication have combined to produce a crunch that is taking away those Christmas extras.

Some companies that still make holiday payouts, like Los Angeles' Security Pacific National Bank, are turning to employee profit-sharing plans as a more rational way to spread good fortune around. But 1971 was not a particularly cheery profit year, and workers whose bonuses are tied to corporate earnings may find it a cruel Yule instead. At General Motors the bonus schedule has been redrawn to exclude employees earning less than \$24,000, instead of \$15,000 as in 1969. Last year, no bonuses were paid because of the lengthy United Auto Workers strike. One survey of 524 New York City area firms showed that not quite 37% will grant holiday payments this year v. more than 39% last year.

Taking Turkey. Companies are also de-escalating the scale of their Christmas parties. A Chicago brokerage house spent \$40,000 last year on a sit-down dinner for all staff members and their wives at the plush Hotel Ambassador East. This year the firm is settling for a buffet in a Loop restaurant, omitting wives and limiting the total outlay to \$1,000. At Swank, Inc., a Massachusetts jewelry manufacturer, the 3,200 employees voted to skip their usual Christmas party and floor show and to accept 3,200 turkeys instead. The chiefs of John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co. are encouraging their various departments to have Christmas parties for the residents of hospitals, orphanages and homes for the aged rather than for themselves. Pacific Southwest Airlines is giving a party for 1,500 persons in one of its San Diego hangars, but is asking that each guest bring a gift to be distributed in veterans' hospitals. Explains Lloyd Leipzig at United Artists Corp. in Los Angeles: "If you announced a big Christmas party, ennuui would set in." Says Robert E. Sibson, president of Sibson & Co. Inc., a Princeton, N.J., management consulting firm: "Employees would rather have the company spend money on something else, like putting it in their salaries."

Companies are not only spending less on their employees, but are extending the same parsimony to customers and suppliers. One division of a Chicago cosmetics manufacturing firm used to give \$40 and \$50 pillows covered with the skins of tigers, zebras and foxes; this year it has switched to \$15 lambskin rugs and chopped its gift list in half. A number of firms have decided that it is just as bad to receive as to give. Massachusetts-based King's Department Stores has mailed letters to 7,000 suppliers asking that no gifts be offered to King employees. Macy's made a similar plea in an advertisement last month in *Women's Wear Daily*. Corporate gift

giving nationwide is expected to decline about 2% from last year's \$295 million, the first year-to-year decline in a decade.

Liquor is still the king of business gifts, but dozen-bottle cases have been replaced by gift-packaged single bottles. The same moderation seems to be spreading to the old habit of sending Christmas cards to customers and co-workers. Not surprisingly, Lockheed Aircraft Corp. will send no cards this year. Ogilvy & Mather, the advertising agency, is not distributing employee address lists within the company. Chairman Jack Elliott figures that if everyone in the agency's 755-employee Manhattan office sent every co-worker a 25¢ Christmas card (plus 8¢ postage), "we would spend \$187,859.10 saying 'Season's Greetings' to each other."



DRAWING BY BOB ECKSTEIN FOR THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE, 1971

"Dear, about the Christmas bonus, I just wanted to warn you that it isn't as much as last year. In fact..."

The policy on bonuses has not been fully defined by the Pay Board in Washington. In general, companies can grant the same size bonuses as in previous years. If a firm paid little or no bonus last year because business was bad, but had a record in prior years of giving a bonus, this year's payout would probably be permitted. Companies that seek to raise their bonuses are expected to adhere to the board's 5.5% limit on overall pay increases. Thus, whatever a company adds to its bonuses, it will have to subtract from its increases in wages and benefits in order to stay within the 5.5% limit.

In many firms, holiday bonuses are shrinking or disappearing altogether. Wall Street's brokerages, for example, are not all the generous year-end Santas they were during the peaks of the mid-1960s. At the New York Stock Exchange itself, the 1969 bonus of nearly 10% of salary for almost all the exchange's 3,000 employees is down to 7½% for the second year in a row.



G.M.'S GERSTENBERG

EXECUTIVES

Rise of the Bookkeeper

By his own account, Richard Charles Gerstenberg got his first big break at General Motors by helping justify the company's price increases in hearings before the Office of Price Administration during World War II. "I spent months in Washington working on the detailed end of the assignment," he says. "I really got a short course in the cost and pricing problems of General Motors in those days." Now that wage and price controls are back, G.M. faces some of the same problems, and its directors want Gerstenberg again to try to raise earnings in a Government-restricted, profit-squeezed economy. Only this time he will be the front-seat driver. To replace James M. Roche, who must retire this month when he reaches 65, the G.M. board last week selected the slight, self-assured Gerstenberg, 62, as chairman and chief executive of the world's largest corporation.

Main Rival. As vice chairman since April 1970, Gerstenberg has been a lead-

ing contender for the job. His main drawback was that his entire 39-year career at G.M. has been devoted to finance rather than to engineering or production, which many automoten still regard as the drive shafts of the industry. But G.M. traditionally awards its chairmanship to the executive who seems best equipped to handle the problems immediately ahead. Gerstenberg's outstanding record of money management, and his articulateness in defending the auto industry against a growing number of critics, made him the choice. Thus "old Gerstenberg the bookkeeper," as he once described himself, beat out his main rival, President Edward N. Cole, also 62, a blunt, highly able engineer who will continue as G.M.'s chief operating officer.

The biggest surprise was the appointment as new vice chairman of Thomas Aquinas Murphy, 56, a vice president who also came up through the financial division. He leaped over ten more senior VPs to get Gerstenberg's old job. Picked out as a rising star, Murphy said, "I was stunned."

Work Ethic. Like many G.M. executives, Gerstenberg was a small-town boy who became a self-made man. He was raised in upstate New York and studied business at the University of Michigan ('31), working part time as a dishwasher to pay expenses. His father once told him to "get a big job with a big company and take things easy." Aided by a friend named H. Whitney Clapsaddle who was employed by G.M., Gerstenberg found a job in 1932 as a timekeeper at the company's Frigidaire division in Dayton. Ever since, he has followed the first two parts of his father's advice to a tee—and totally disregarded the third. A devout believer in G.M.'s spartan work ethic, he became assistant comptroller at 39 and continued to rise.

Gerstenberg, who must retire within three years under the same rule that cleared the way for his election, will aim mainly during that period to improve G.M.'s net profits. During the first three quarters of 1971, they rose to \$1.4 billion; or a margin of 6.7% on sales of \$21 billion. That was well above the strike-distorted margin of 3.2% last year, but still far below G.M.'s 10.3% in 1965. Gerstenberg holds most of the company's critics in no great esteem and once reprimanded a former G.M. executive who had made some slightly disparaging remarks about the company. "Once a G.M. man always a G.M. man," Gerstenberg snapped. Yet he has given serious thought to the issues raised by the corporation's critics. At a meeting of the National Wildlife Federation earlier this year, he declared: "Within this decade, we expect American skies will be essentially cleansed of automotive air pollution, and we intend to make comparable progress in the control of pollution from our plants." If he can help do that, Gerstenberg will end his term with a very good set of books indeed.

ITT's Bigger Push in Europe

IN the dog days of last summer, International Telephone & Telegraph Corp., America's biggest conglomerate, surprised investors by agreeing to sell a clutch of household names that it had acquired in recent years. Among them were home builders Levitt & Sons, Avis Inc. and Hamilton Life Insurance. To ITT insiders, however, the decision was no surprise. Chairman Harold Geneen chose to sell because the alternative was a costly antitrust battle with the Justice Department that would have tied up his company in courts for years, and might still have ended in divestiture.

As part of the price for peace, ITT also agreed to make no more major acquisitions in the U.S., an apparently crippling moratorium for a company that has relied heavily on mergers for its remarkable record of increased earnings for 49 consecutive quarters. But Geneen, a wily, English-born accountant, had calculated the odds. In return for the U.S. companies that are on the block, ITT will get some \$600 million. It will pump much of this into Europe. Thus, by restricting ITT in the U.S., the trustbusters helped to provide the company with both the funds and the incentive to expand aggressively—and create jobs—abroad.

Up from the Ranches. ITT has been growing fast in Europe, having acquired 16 firms in varied fields there this year. Telecommunications equipment accounts for about half of its European sales, and the company has expanded into automotive components, heating and ventilation equipment, and myriad other product areas. Last week the company named a new president for ITT-Europe, which will have sales this year of about \$2.7 billion, some 36% of the firm's global total.* He is Michel C. Bergerac, 39, who is almost as multinational as ITT itself.

French-born "Mike" Bergerac is a naturalized U.S. citizen and has a home in Brussels. A Fulbright scholarship took Bergerac to the U.S., where he earned a master's degree in business administration at U.C.L.A. and traveled around working as a hired hand on Western ranches before entering the corporate world as a production manager for U.S. Divers Corp., a manufacturer of deep-sea diving equipment.

Bergerac takes over ITT's European operation at a time when the monetary crisis has added to the uncertainty about the future of most Continental economies. Even so, Bergerac says: "Europe remains our choice for growth. It has the potential, the kind of well-managed companies we like to acquire. Some of our rivals are hesitating about expansion, but that is ITT's opportunity."

That opportunity will be greatly enhanced by ITT's vaunted system of monthly European meetings. At these sessions, about 150 top managers from Europe and the U.S. review in detail the



MICHEL BERGERAC

ROBERT WINSTON



ITT MANAGERS MEET IN BRUSSELS.
No place for the nervous.

The Eternal Shirt.



There's a shirt you can wear today that men wore sixty years ago. It won't make you look old. Or corny. Or out of style.

To the contrary, you'll look quite dashing in it. Just like the man who made it famous. The handsome young Arrow Collar Man.

He was the model for this shirt back in 1905. And he captured the heart of America. All the men wanted

to look like him. All the young ladies just plain wanted him. Such was the magic of his boldly striped shirt.

And that magic is alive today. For we've recreated the shirts the Arrow Collar Man wore to glory. In Dacron® polyester and cotton. And Sanforized-Plus-2. They're as colorful now as they were sixty years ago.

But that's no surprise. Once you're a classic, you're always a classic.

→Arrow←
A Division of Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

The Nostalgia Collection by Arrow, the colorful white shirt company.



When they need what you make, will they know you make it?

Is your company as well-known in Stockholm or São Paulo as it is at home? When foreign businessmen make purchasing decisions, do you and your products immediately come to mind?

If they do, it probably shows in your profits: among a representative group of 154 U.S. corporations doing business abroad, foreign earnings last year were on the average 27% greater than domestic.

If foreign decision-makers don't know about you, there's no more efficient way to tell them than the International Editions of TIME.

TIME gets to the business and government leaders in 185 countries—the news-minded, educated, English-reading people in every community.

People in a position to buy well for themselves and to specify on industrial purchasing.

TIME offers advertisers a

concentration of these key customers without the waste circulation of most local magazines, without the problems of buying space in each country separately, and with major savings in production and in frequency discounts.

What's more, because TIME has more than 100 advertising editions outside the U.S., you can advertise just where you have sales representation, where there's a specific selling problem, or where you particularly want to stimulate sales or impress opinion leaders, or where you expect to be doing business in the future.

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TIME The worldwide
newsmagazine



On his last hunt, Major Hocum
smoked a cigarette stamped with
his family crest.

Now everybody will be smoking
cigarettes stamped with their own
family crest



...almost everybody.



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Camel Filters.
They're not for everybody.
(But then, they don't try to be.)



Smokehouse® Almonds... They flew to fame on the jets

The uproar started as soon as the airlines began serving these crisp, crunchy nuts with cocktails. When passengers got back from Boston and Bangkok and Birmingham, they began firing off letters to us: "Your Smokehouse® Almonds are fantastic — almost habit-forming. But where can you buy the darn things?" Fortunately, we've got the situation squared away now. More and more stores are stocking these special nuts from California. So sample a tin or foil pack of Smokehouse® soon. Note: Besides our high-flying Smokehouse® flavor, there are four other Blue Diamond almond flavors — French Fried, Garlic Onion, Barbecue, and Cheese. If you can't find your favorite flavor in nearby stores, please write:

California Almond Growers Exchange, P.O. Box 1768, Sacramento, California 95808.



operations of each European company and product group. The European meetings cost ITT about \$4,000,000 a year in travel, hotel, telecommunications, data processing and other expenses. Are they worth it? ITT men point to the record: since the meetings started in 1961, European profits have climbed 530%.

Constantly Monitoring. Because ITT makes and markets so many products in so many countries, its managers get early warnings of economic trends, which they share with one another at the meetings. This year, for example, many electronics manufacturers found themselves with rising inventories as demand fell. ITT boasts that, by constantly monitoring national economies and the trend of sales, it was able to react so quickly to the slowdown that its inventories hardly rose at all.

TIME's European Economic Correspondent Roger Beardwood recently attended a monthly meeting in Brussels. He reports:

"The meeting is a cross between a self-criticism session in a Soviet factory and question time in the British House of Commons. It is no place for the thin-skinned or the nervous. Smoking is forbidden and only mineral water is on hand to revive the faintedhearted. Those attending sit round a horseshoe-shaped table. The windows are curtained to banish time. Most members of the Manhattan contingent, who fly over by chartered Pan American 707 jet, keep their watches on Eastern Standard Time. Monthly and year-to-date financial results are flashed on a big screen. They show whether the company or group is doing better or worse than its forecast, and if there is any significant variation, a sharp discussion follows.

"The meetings cope with matters both pressing and routine. Last month's emergency was a fire that burned out a plant near Paris. Plans were made to have prefabricated buildings put up in the destroyed plant's parking lot, and rush in telephone-exchange-equipment components from other ITT factories so that the assembling work could continue. As a result, deliveries would be delayed by no more than two weeks.

"On routine problems if things are going very wrong, ITT senior managers will suggest corrective action. If that does not work—and work fast—the company will be invaded by a team of ITT experts. 'We run the world's largest management consultancy,' says one top executive. 'The difference is that our clients have to do what we tell them—or leave.'"

Rewards and Penalties. Some do leave. But for those who stay—and most do—there are lavish rewards, including high salaries and the sense of belonging to a management elite. Standing at the head of that elite, Bergerac has great decision-making powers. Last week he was reviewing reports on the German economy. His assessment: "We expect some growth next year, but not much. If things get really bad, we shall

cut back on automotive products, but may actually pick up in telecommunications." The fact that so much of ITT's volume is in telecommunications equipment should be a continuing help. Demand remains strong in both good times and bad, as Europeans clamor for telephones and state-owned operating companies rush to increase the supply. In France next year, Bergerac expects a 36% rise in sales of telecommunications products.

Thus the U.S. Justice Department's action in barring ITT's moves at home and forcing it to expand abroad could prove to be a golden boon for the corporation. But there is a nagging irony. Partly because of the trustbusters, ITT now has lively plans for increasing its growth in Europe just when the U.S. is struggling to expand its economy and cut its burdensome jobless rate.

ANTITRUST

McLaren Out

As the Nixon Administration's chief trustbuster, Assistant Attorney General Richard McLaren slapped down hard on conglomerate mergers and generally set a blistering pace. On a single day this month, he filed suit against the Chicago Board of Trade, challenging its right to fix commission rates on commodity-futures trading, and urged the

Securities and Exchange Commission also to stop commission fixing on stock trading. The next day he was on his way out, confirmed by the Senate as a federal district judge in Chicago without debate and with little publicity.

The speed fanned inevitable speculation that McLaren had been booted as a prelude to a relaxation of antitrust policy. To that, Deputy Attorney General Richard Kleindienst had a convincing reply: McLaren had asked to be appointed a judge last summer, and renewed his request recently when Julius Hoffman of Chicago-conspiracy-trial fame retired, opening a vacancy in McLaren's home town. McLaren's name had to be rushed to the Senate to meet a deadline set by Judiciary Committee Chairman James Eastland for nominations to be acted on this year.

The Justice Department issued a statement pledging "the same vigorous enforcement" of antitrust laws as under McLaren. There seems little reason to doubt that intention, at least until and unless Attorney General John Mitchell resigns to manage Nixon's re-election campaign. Mitchell has talked quite as hawkish an antitrust line as McLaren. The Administration, however, has had no time to consider a successor to its departing antitrust chief. It is an open question whether the Government will find one quite as aggressive as he.



This Is a Railroad?

AMTRAK, the federal corporation that took over operation of the nation's intercity passenger trains last May, opened its career by dumping some 200 trains. Now it plans a more welcome surprise. Beginning in mid-January, the dwindling band of passengers on trains linking Boston, New York, Washington and Florida will see such strange sights as engineers wearing blue bush jackets with brass buttons and ticket sellers resplendent in double-breasted red vests, white visors and multicolored sleeve garters, looking as if they should be dealing out chips at a poker table. Male trav-

elers will be diverted by 24 to 50 "passenger representatives" (Amtrak will not call them stewardesses) wearing a variety of outfits: side-slit red gowns over blue panty hose, skirts and cardigans, red hot pants. The young women are being trained for Amtrak by Continental Airlines.

The new look, which Amtrak eventually plans to spread nationwide, is part of a campaign to make train travel comfortable and interesting again. Some earlier and more substantive improvements: easier-to-read time tables, and an experimental fare cut between New York and Boston.

Here's a dull ad that's

The Top 25 Markets

| | |
|-------------------|-------|
| Retail Sales | 61.5% |
| CBS Radio Network | 62.2% |
| Network B | 55.6% |
| Network C | 55.2% |
| Network D | 49.4% |
| Network E | 48.8% |
| Network F | 46.7% |

DISTRIBUTION OF RETAIL SALES AND AVG. %-HR. AM NETWORK RADIO STATION AUDIENCES

And beautifully simple.

Is your advertising light where it should be heavy? Does it have enough weight where the sales potential is greatest? A problem for many advertisers today. Here's how to solve it, without spending a fortune.

With the CBS Radio Network's unique market balancing act.

Have a look at the chart. Our audience distribution is one of a kind in network radio.

It's the only one which *matches* U.S. retail sales distribution in both ARB-measured market groups:

Heavy emphasis in the 25 top

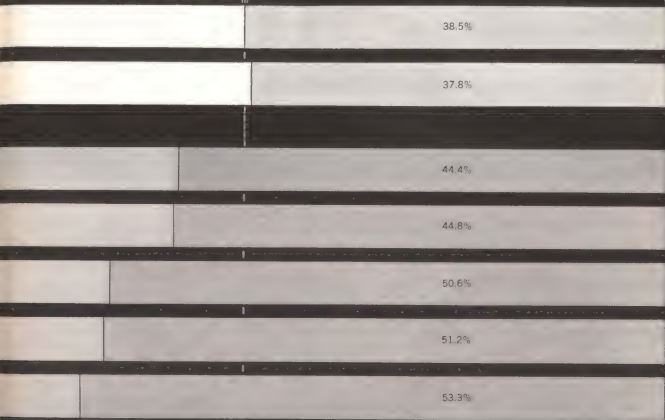
markets. Appropriate strength in the other markets, because customers are customers, everywhere.

But that isn't all. You then get the benefit of our long-established audience leadership.

In 1971, again, we lead all other measured AM networks in adult audiences, by substantial margins. Whether you look at average quarter-hour audience, average one-day or seven-day cumes, we draw more listeners. From 9 to 63 percent more, depending on which measurement and competing network you examine.

simply beautiful.

The Next 125



(18+) IN 151 ARB-MEASURED MARKETS

The resulting statistics make beautiful reading.

Do you sell a product to homemakers? Brand Rating Index lists 22 top product categories—those used by 90 percent or more homemakers. Ranking the estimated users in each category who listen to the respective networks, the CBS Radio Network wins in 22 categories out of 22.

Or do you sell to men? BRI lists 17 top product categories—those used by 75 percent or more adult men. In a similar count of users, CBS wins in 17 categories out of 17. Another sweep.

Given these givens (not to mention the programming quality that attracts the audience in the first place, or the favorable advertising environment this programming creates), it's small wonder that more brands are advertised here than on any other network every year.

Where the customers are, shouldn't you be also?

It's as simple as that.

The CBS 
Radio Network
WHERE THE CUSTOMERS ARE.

(people 18+); BRI/RADAR 1970.



MOORE RUNNING



BUCHANAN (28) INTERCEPTING

TIME's All-America Team: The Pick of the Pros

OF the estimated 15,000 seniors who played football in college this fall, only 442 will be drafted by the 26 teams of the National Football League next February. Herewith the scouts' ratings of the best players at each offensive and defensive position:

OFFENSE

QUARTERBACK, John Reaves, Florida, 6 ft. 3 in., 210 lbs. A classic drop-back passer with a quick release, Reaves has the height to see over charging linemen, the muscle to shake off tacklers, and the poise to spring the big play under pressure. If only because so many pro clubs have weaknesses at quarterback, two other passers will also be drafted high: **Pat Sullivan, Auburn,** 6 ft. 188 lbs., and **Gary Winder, C.W. Best,** 6 ft. 2 in., 217 lbs. Many teams worry that Heisman Winner Sullivan is a mile too small to mix it up with the big boys. Noting the exceptionally long stride he takes when setting up to pass, one scout figures that Sullivan is "only 5 ft. 6 in. when he's throwing." Nevertheless, his accurate arm and play-calling skills mark him as an early round draft choice. Despite his small-college background, Winder (TIME, Dec. 6) has the size and the statistics (41 touchdown passes in three seasons) that the pros prize.

RUNNING BACKS, Ed Marinaro, Cornell, 6 ft. 21 in., 214 lbs., and **Bobbsy Moore, Oregon,** 6 ft. 2 in., 212 lbs. In the year of the runner, Marinaro ran farther than anyone, setting no fewer than

five N.C.A.A. rushing records. Mindful of the success of Yale's Calvin Hill with the Dallas Cowboys, the scouts discount the fact that the Big Red's Machine played in the supposedly soft Ivy League. With every defense keying on him, explain the scouts, he had "to have something special to compile those records." The experts praise his durability and elusiveness, as well as "that something that can't be taught: the knack of picking and cutting his way through the line." Moore is "one of the most graceful big men you'll ever see, a real high-stepper, a streaker in the mold of O.J. Simpson." He has the speed (4.5 sec. in the 40-yd. dash) to break away for the long gainer and the sure hands that may prompt the pros to switch him to wide receiver. Other runners admired by scouts are **Jeff Kinney, Nebraska,** 6 ft. 2 in., 210 lbs., **Jim Bertelsen, Texas,** 5 ft. 11 in., 190 lbs., and **Johnny Musso, Alabama,** 5 ft. 11 in., 199 lbs.

WIDE RECEIVERS, Terry Beasley, Auburn, 5 ft. 11 in., 185 lbs., and **Tom Gatewood, Notre Dame,** 6 ft. 2 in., 208 lbs. Small by pro standards, Beasley, who was Sullivan's No. 1 target at Auburn, is described as "a tough little monkey with great ball concentration." He is a master of the sideline pass. Despite injuries and Notre Dame's lack of an experienced quarterback this season, Gatewood is still the prime pro prospect he was when he grabbed 77 passes for 1,123 yds. in 1970. "If he grabs the ball anywhere within the 10-yd. line," says one scout, "he usually takes it in."

Other experts, though, question Gatewood's speed, and would vote for three less publicized receivers: **Jerome Barkum, Jackson State,** 6 ft. 4 in., 210 lbs., **Mike Siani, Villanova,** 6 ft. 3 in., 190 lbs., and **Tom Reynolds, San Diego State,** 6 ft. 2 in., 193 lbs.

TIGHT END, Riles Odum, Houston, 6 ft. 4 in., 236 lbs. Tabbed by the scouts as "the fastest tight end around," Odum excels at taking a pass up the middle and then powering his way through tacklers. "And," adds one scout, "he gives you that extra bonus—oh, how he can block!" Often compared to the Baltimore Colts' bulldozing John Mackey, Odum hauled in 45 passes this season for an average gain of 16 yds.

GUARDS, Royce Smith, Georgia, 6 ft. 3 in., 230 lbs., and **Reggie McKenzie, Michigan,** 6 ft. 4 in., 232 lbs. A mountain of muscle, Smith is "a real savage with great straight-ahead blocking power." Since Georgia is mainly a running team, the scouts say that Smith will have to crush up on his pass protection. Even so, most agree that he "plays like a pro already." McKenzie, equally devastating at cutoff and downfield blocking, was the key to undefeated Michigan's vaunted running attack. According to the scouts, he is still a growing boy and will have no trouble adding the necessary 20 lbs. or so to play in the pros.

TACKLES, John Vella, U.S.C., 6 ft. 4 in., 250 lbs., and **Lionel Amoiné, Southern Illinois,** 6 ft. 7 in., 240 lbs. Vella will follow a long line of giant Southern Cal



SIEMON TACKLING

tackles (others: Ron Yary, Sid Smith, Marv Montgomery) who have flourished in the pros. He is rated as "a tough, driving blocker who picks up rushers aggressively and forces them to concentrate on him instead of the quarterback." Antoine, who also played tight and defensive tackle in college, has "all the tools: balance, great anticipation and a true N.F.L. physique." Praising his "great attitude," one scout adds: "One thing that counts with me is that he shaves his head. I like clean-cut players." Another highly regarded tackle is Tom Drougas, Oregon, 6 ft. 4 in., 257 lbs.

CENTER. Tom DeLeone, Ohio State, 6 ft. 2 in., 227 lbs. Big college centers are so hard to find that the pros often groom a college guard or tackle for the position. The best of a mediocre lot, DeLeone should make it in the N.F.L. provided that he packs on a few more pounds. Rated an "excellent long snapper," he never once misfired on a pass from center this season.

DEFENSE

ENDS. Wali Patulski, Notre Dame, 6 ft. 6 in., 260 lbs., and Sherman White, California, 6 ft. 5 in., 250 lbs. A consensus All-America, Patulski is lauded by one team as "the best we've seen for many years." All but unstoppable on the pass rush, he dazzled the experts with his "amazing agility and lateral mobility." One scout predicts that Patulski may be the first defensive lineman ever picked No. 1 in the draft since the Colts made Michigan State's Bubba Smith their first choice in 1967. White is a former high school bas-

kethall star who never played football until he reached college. Quick and aggressive, he led the Golden Bears in tackles and pass deflections this season. Though the scouts feel his play needs "more consistency," they also rate him as "can't miss." Another defensive end who will be drafted high is Herb Orvis, Colorado, 6 ft. 5 in., 236 lbs.

TACKLES. Mike Kadish, Notre Dame, 6 ft. 4 in., 265 lbs., and Larry Jacobson, Nebraska, 6 ft. 6 in., 250 lbs. One expert described Kadish as "stronger and a better rusher than Mike McCoy," the former Notre Dame All-America now with the Green Bay Packers. Charging through the middle like a bull rhino, Kadish led the Irish defenses this season with 97 tackles. "He's a kid," says an admiring scout, "who plays with pain." Jacobson inflicts pain. Heading one of the nation's toughest defensive units, he forced opposing backs to run wide of the middle—and even then he often caught them from behind. Says one scouting report: "Quicker than hell, asper attitude, a potential pro great."

LINEBACKERS. Jeff Siemon, Stanford, 6 ft. 2 in., 223 lbs., Willie Hall, Southern Cal, 6 ft. 3 in., 215 lbs., and Mike Taylor, Michigan, 6 ft. 13 in., 224 lbs. Siemon "hits 'em real good and has that extra speed for pass coverage." In short, says one scout, "he likes to pop people." So does Hall, especially on the blitz. He impressed most scouts with his speed and range—"more than enough to pick off an interception and go all the way." Taylor is no behemoth, but he hits like one. "He's a real stickler," says one scout, "with a nose for the ball. I'd compare him with Wil-

lie Lanier," star of the Kansas City Chiefs. Mark Arneson, Arizona, 6 ft. 2 in., 210 lbs., is described by one pro talent watcher as "super quick, aggressive and a leader."

CORNERBACKS. Clarence Ellis, Notre Dame, 6 ft., 178 lbs., and Willie Buchanan, San Diego State, 6 ft. 1 in., 179 lbs. Though he needs more experience in man-to-man coverage, the scouts consider Ellis "the kind of solid hitter who intimidates pass receivers." The same goes for Buchanan, a "sure tackler who can pivot and backpedal with amazing quickness." He is such a "superb athlete," says one report, "that he has never been fully tested by college receivers. They just stayed away from him." Rated a shade behind these two prospects is Craig Clemons, Iowa, 6 ft. 1 in., 190 lbs.

SAFETIES. Tommy Casanova, L.S.U., 6 ft. 2 in., 195 lbs., and Bobby Majors, Tennessee, 6 ft. 1 in., 197 lbs. Casanova is a hustling, hard-nosed strong safety who put his daring speed (4.5 in the 40) to good use as a punt returner and occasional running back. Majors is a "110% competitor" who has intercepted 13 passes in his last two seasons. Says one scout: "He has blinding speed and something better—intelligence. He's just plain football smart."

SPECIALISTS. Marv Bateman, Utah, 6 ft. 3 in., 220 lbs. College football's leading punter (average: 48 yds.) is certain to be snapped up by a team that needs a kicker who "punts the ball out of sight." Bateman is also an accurate long-distance place kicker, as is Chester Marshall, Hillsdale College, 6 ft. 1 in., 190 lbs., who booted a record-breaking 62-yd. field goal as a sophomore.

CINEMA

Season's Greetings: Bang!

Christmas is traditionally a time when the movie studios spend their copiousness, spewing out many of their major films in the hope of capitalizing on all the good cheer and spare time. Once this meant primarily "family films," light comedies and musicals. Nowadays, such things appear mainly in the continuing lull for nostalgia, as exemplified by Ken Russell's new version of *The Boyfriend*. For the rest, a striking number of film producers are celebrating Christmas with a new wave of violence and bloodshed. Among the entries: *Macbeth*, Roman Polanski's first film since Rosemary's Baby; *Dirty Harry*, a tough police melodrama starring Clint Eastwood; and, once again, Sean Connery as James Bond in *Diamonds Are Forever*. Here is a look at three of the season's most interesting films—and their directors.

Kubrick: Degrees of Madness

The milk-plus at the Korova, according to Alex, "sharpens you up and makes you ready for a bit of the old ultra-violence." After a glass or two, Alex and his droogs have made up their rascodocks what to do for entertainment.

They bash up an old drunk who lies singing in a tunnel. They bloody Billy-boy and his gang. They steal a Durango-95 and roar out into the countryside, running cars and pedestrians off the road. They pay "the old surprise visit" to a quiet home, force their way in, tie and gag the man of the house and rape his wife. Then, all feeling "a bit shagged and fagged and fashed," they retire once again to the Korova. After all, as Alex says, it has been "an evening of some small energy expenditures."

The language may be a bit strange, the setting slightly unfamiliar, but Alex is immediately recognizable. He is a true child of the near future, a freak for violence, who would understand and enthusiastically approve Charlie Manson's credo: "Do the unexpected. No sense makes sense." Yet the confounding thing, and perhaps the ultimate irony of Stanley Kubrick's *A Clockwork Orange*, is that Alex is surprisingly but undeniably engaging.

A Clockwork Orange, based on the Anthony Burgess novel, is a merciless, demonic satire in the future imperfect. It posits a world somehow gone berserk, in which there are no real alternatives, only degrees of madness. Kubrick makes the whole thing as he did in *Dr. Strangelove* chillingly and often hilariously believable. Alex, so contemptuously in control, soon becomes a victim of his own lunatic society.

Imprisoned for a random murder, Alex (Malcolm McDowell) manages to have himself chosen as a guinea pig in a scientific experiment designed to rehabilitate him in two weeks. He submits to the Ludovico Technique, a behavioristic barrage of electric impulses and motion-picture film that cripples him with nausea at the mere thought of sex or violence. Thoroughly zapped, Alex is transformed into a kind of au-

tomaton, a clockwork orange,* with no free will of his own. "As decent a lad as you would meet on a May morning!" gushes the Minister of the Interior (Anthony Sharp), who hopes to use Alex and the Ludovico Technique for political gain.

Soon Alex is menaced on all sides, by the old bum, by his former droogs (now turned policemen), by the husband of the woman he raped. It is what Kubrick calls "an almost magical coincidence of retribution"—so magical, in fact, that it eventually brings Alex back full circle, recovered from the Ludovico Technique and ready to embark on a life of ultra-violence with the blessings of the Minister of the Interior himself.

* An expression Burgess derived from old Cockney slang: "Quiet as a clockwork orange."

Kubrick is careful not to specify the time of the film (roughly toward the end of the 1970s), so it becomes a kind of cautionary fable. Its violence is totally stylized, dreamlike, absurd. It is all set to music, ranging from Beethoven ("Ludwig van" is a big favorite of Alex's) to *Singin' in the Rain*, which Alex croons happily as he tap dances about, kicking one of his victims. Language is likewise abstracted. Alex's street slang hints at influences from Russia ("devotchka" for girl, "malchiks" for boys). Even what passes for normal language has been drastically altered, as when the Minister of the Interior says, "But enough of words—actions speak louder than. Action now. Observe all."

This kind of madhouse fantasy finally leads to a dead end, an ultimate negation. The political extremes in the film are both represented as the two sides of demagoguery. The Minister of the Interior is a kind of well-tailored Goebbels, an unctuous fascist. His opposite number is a radical writer named



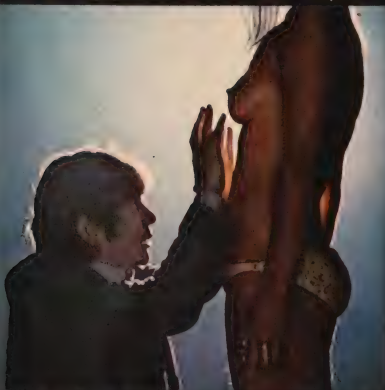
Director Stanley Kubrick.



Malcolm McDowell stars as Alex, a pathological tough of the near future.



Alex and his gang use a rubber ball to stifle the screams of a rape victim.



Judovico Technique suppresses Alex's impulses toward sex and violence.



Alex learns conformity through applied bootlicking.

An exotic evening at the Korova Milk Bar.

THE BOY FRIEND



Ken Russell (left) with Christopher Gable.



Twiggy and Gable pose up a vision of Pineland.



Willya reveries in a Room in Bloomery.
Directed fantasy sketch by Isadora Duncan.



Tommy Tune poses up a vision of Ray Ridge.





Memories of old musicals explode in numbers like "The Boy Friend" (above) and the "Safety in Numbers" sequence (below).





David (Dustin Hoffman) prepares to drench his attackers with hot lye.

David calms a frightened Henry at the besieged cottage.

DAVID L. RAY/REUTERS



Henry Miles (David Warner) inadvertently strangles a teen-ager.



Amy (Susan George) kills husband David's resisting the intruder.



DAVID L. RAY/REUTERS

Alexander (Patrick Magee), who is given to saying things like "The common people must be led! Driven! Pushed!"

As Alex, Malcolm McDowell is sensational. His performance has the range and dynamism that signal the arrival of a new superstar. As for Director Kubrick, his work is stylistically almost flawless. If there was any doubt after 2001, *A Clockwork Orange* confirms Kubrick as one of our most audacious film makers. There have been many visions of a malign future on film (1984, *Things to Come*, *Fahrenheit 451*) but none quite so unsparring and so ruthlessly witty. Kubrick adapted the script himself from Burgess's book, and the intellectual symmetry of the writing is admirable.

Yet, as with the novel, there is something troublesome about the film. *A Clockwork Orange* does not engage us fully on an emotional level. There is something about it a little too neat and too cold. The wit is there, and the ironic

perception. It is funny and it is frightening, partly because of the world it presents but also because of the dispassionate attitude it adopts toward that world. One misses a sense of grief or of rage, and finally, a portion of humanity.

—Jay Cocks

He calls them, with some disdain, "your usual Kubrick anecdotes." He can even tick off, in rapid succession, the most common stories about himself. There is the grooming story: how his wardrobe consists almost exclusively of blue blazers, gray trousers, black shoes and socks, thereby ending any worry about what to wear. Then there are the stories about his mania for safety: how he will not ride in a car going more than 30 m.p.h. (unless he is behind the wheel), and how he wore a special helmet while working on some of the intricate 2001 sets.

All the stories are true, of course, but Stanley Kubrick is a man with a theoretical, not anecdotal turn of mind. He likes to talk primarily about his films. "The thing I really hate to be asked," he says, "is to explain why the film works, what I had in mind and so forth." How it works is another matter entirely. Many of the best scenes in his movies come out of what Kubrick jokingly calls the "C.R.P."—crucial rehearsal period. "In a scene that might take three days to shoot, I would probably spend till 4 o'clock the first day rehearsing and working things out. This period is one of maximum tension and anxiety, and it is precisely here where a scene lives or dies. The choice of camera angles and coverage is, by comparison, a relatively simple matter."

Ideas for changing dialogue or the

business of the scene can come from the actors or from anyone else in the vicinity. Kubrick listens to every suggestion, weighs it, modifies or expands it, then makes the final choice. Dr. Strangelove's mock resurrection from his wheelchair originated in the C.R.P., as did the *Singin' in the Rain* sequence in *A Clockwork Orange*.

Kubrick began as a photojournalist (for *Look*, among other publications), and he retains strong influence over the visual aspect of his films. In fact, he photographed much of *A Clockwork Orange* himself. But he maintains that "a film set is probably the worst place ever devised for doing creative work. Shooting is the part of film making I enjoy the least. I don't particularly enjoy working with a lot of people. I'm just not an extravert."

Kubrick lives half an hour outside London in a large house that contains, besides his offices, a computer, assorted optical and editing equipment, and a Ping Pong table inside a tent on the back lawn. Three daughters, seven cats and three dogs also contribute to the air of congenial disorder. His wife Christiane (the girl who sings to the troops at the end of *Paths of Glory*) paints large, radiant canvases that have been shown at the Royal Academy.

After nearly a decade of living in England, Kubrick, now 43, still has more of the Bronx than of London in his voice. The tone is unmistakable, full of an unisistent, quietly ironic humor. Ask him his plans for a new movie, and the answer comes quickly: "I think I'll do Napoleon. You know, the well-known political figure." The film will, he hopes, be the first "to deal gracefully with historical information and at the same time convey a sense of day to day reality. Most people are not aware that Napoleon spent most of his time on the eve of a battle doing paper work." Of all the film makers in the world, Kubrick is perhaps the only one who could make an epic movie out of paper work.

Peckinpah: Primitive Horror

Straw Dogs is Sam Peckinpah's first film without a hero. It is indeed his first film to challenge the very ideal of heroism around which his work so far has been built. In *Ride the High Country* (1961), his main characters were two aging lawmen who could not, even when they tried, abandon their own code of honor. By the time of *The Wild Bunch* (1969), the main characters had turned into a ragged troop of bandits, but the code persisted. It was their adherence to a suicidal notion of dignity that made these outlaws heroes despite themselves.

David Sumner (Dustin Hoffman) in *Straw Dogs* is a man sure of nothing save his own intense vulnerability. An American mathematician, he has come with his wife Amy (Susan George) to her native village on the windy coast of Corn-



Director Sam Peckinpah



Amy is attacked, then raped by a horren town.

STRAW DOGS

A Christmas Prayer

Let us pray that strength and courage abundant be given to all who work for a world of reason and understanding & that the good that lies in every man's heart may day by day be magnified & that men will come to see more clearly not that which divides them, but that which unites them & that each hour may bring us closer to a final victory, not of nation over nation, but of man over his own evils and weaknesses & that the true spirit of this Christmas Season—its joy, its beauty, its hope, and above all its abiding faith—may live among us & that the blessings of peace be ours—the peace to build and grow, to live in harmony and sympathy with others, and to plan for the future with confidence.

New York Life Insurance Company



wall, where he hopes to spend a year doing research. He is also attempting to flee the chaotic violence of the U.S.—and to patch up an uneasy marriage. But there is to be no hiding place.

The quiet country town is almost palpably a microcosm of the easy enmity and casual brutality that David and Amy hoped to leave behind them. It is a place isolated, almost abstracted, from the rest of the world. The villagers regard David with a cordial disdain. Amy is seen as one of their own who has deserted them and returned with slightly lofty airs. Some of the men of the village, while helping fix up a rented farmhouse for the couple, make casual sport of ogling Amy and discussing her attractions.

Gradually their attitude becomes more threatening. Amy's pet cat is found strangled in the bedroom closet. "They did it to show you they could get into your bedroom," Amy yells, but David does nothing. Soon after, when the men have almost run David off the road on his way into town, he confronts them in the local pub. David, with a twitching grin, just buys them all a drink. Several days later, the workmen lead David off on a snipe hunt, and while he sits in a field, holding a shotgun, two of the men sneak back and rape his wife.

Such ingredients are the stuff of melodrama; Peckinpah transforms them into the relentless geometry of fate. David returns home, finds Amy nearly hysterical in bed, but does not understand—or chooses to ignore—her veiled references to the attack. Instead, out of his own sense of humiliation, David fires the men.

They will soon return. Against Amy's wishes, David gives shelter to the village simpleton Henry Niles (David Warner), who has accidentally killed a young girl. The men come looking for him, but David refuses to surrender the fugitive. He has been pushed too far. "This is my house," he says. "I will not allow violence against my house."

A classic heroic response to a virtually feudal situation. Yet David, in defending himself against the threat to what Robert Ardrey would call his territorial imperative, soon becomes as bestial as the attackers. Peckinpah asserts with gripping, merciless logic that any man, no matter how cold or cowardly, is capable of committing the most appalling violence—and of enjoying it. "You never took a stand," Amy accuses David early in the film; when he finally does, he acts not from any sense of honor but from animal instinct. The assault on the cottage and his defense of it produce one of the most horrifying scenes of prolonged violence ever filmed.

Straw Dogs is a brilliant feat of mov-

iemaking. Peckinpah, working outside America and outside the western genre for the first time, uses the brooding monochromes of the Cornish countryside to construct a self-contained universe of indifferent terrors, in which, according to Lao-tze: "Heaven and earth are not humane. They regard all things as straw dogs." (Straw dogs are Chinese artifacts of the 3rd century B.C., first worshiped, then sacrificially burned.)

Hoffman's performance is nervously cerebral and superbly realized. Susan George, all teasing, feline sexuality, carries off a difficult role extremely well, and David Warner makes even his small part (which he did as a favor to Peckinpah and for which he receives no credit) memorable in every detail. But it is Peckinpah who dominates and controls his material. His vision in *Straw Dogs* is so cold, so unsparring, that our natural im-



SCENE FROM "THE WILD BUNCH" (1969)

The heroes are dead.

pulse is to resist it. Character motivation is sometimes cloudy, the level of coincidence is rather too high, and the film perhaps is more cynical than realistic. But if this is not the way things are, then it is a measure of Peckinpah's skill that in giving voice to his own despair, he came to make this nightmare seem like our own.

■ J.C.

"I want to rub their noses in the violence of it," says Sam Peckinpah of *Straw Dogs*. A white-haired, roughhewn man of 46, he grins slyly, disguising his habitual anger. "I regard all men as violent, including myself. I'm not cynical. I still believe, and I still want everything to work out, but it never does. When you see the degree of violence in men, you realize that we're still just a few steps up from apes in the evolutionary scale."

Peckinpah himself likes to hunt game, "not for sport," but skinning and eat-

ing his catch. He has also been known to end an argument by using his fists, even against women. Disputes with producers and colleagues earned him such a reputation for cantankerousness that the big studios finally boycotted him for seven years. Peckinpah's enemies describe him as "weird" and "dictatorial," but he doesn't seem to mind. "I'm not a fascist," he says, "but I am something of a totalitarian."

An ex-Marine who served in China during World War II, Peckinpah worked his way into the movie business by acting and directing in small theaters, then writing and directing westerns. In writing *Straw Dogs*, based on a novel called *The Siege of Trencher's Farm*, Peckinpah kept little from the original except the climactic siege itself. He then spent weeks searching for a town with the primitive and isolated quality he wanted.

Once the seven-week shooting period started, he drove himself and his crew to the limits of endurance, once keeping them up half the night to make all the costumes dirtier and more ragged for a scene the next morning. One or two laggards got fired, as usually happens on a Peckinpah film, and when Susan George balked at playing the rape scene all the way to the end, the director simply brought in a double and kept going.

Actor Brian Keith says: "Peckinpah is creative and original but not artistic. Not if 'artistic' means camera tricks, every shot a nostril shot. He wants honesty, reality as he sees it. He works on instincts. If something smells phony, he doesn't want it."

This instinct for realism has led him to graphic displays of violence. "It was a phony Hollywood fallacy to have people get shot and not seem to be dead at all," he declares. "I don't mind saying that I myself was sickened by my own film. But somewhere in it there is a mirror for everybody. If I'm so bloody that I drive people out of the theater, then I've failed."

Divorced once from one wife, three times from another, Peckinpah is presently unmarried, restless, dissatisfied. Trying to characterize the man, a friend recalls that Peckinpah once kept a pet boa constrictor in his office. One day, the friend found Peckinpah staring at the cage, which contained the snake and a petrified white mouse.

"Who do you think will win?" Peckinpah asked his friend.

"You will, Sam," said the friend.

Russell: Spoofing the Spoo

You never know what is enough unless you know what is more than enough.
—William Blake

Director Ken Russell is a true child of Blake. His two most recent films, *The Music Lovers* and *The Devils*, were so full of tortures, perversions and sexual hysteria that they could have been

rated X for X-cess if for nothing else. *The Boy Friend* reveals Russell's other side—the campy, lyrical side that has been seen so far only in some memorable British TV documentaries. But on this side as well, Russell does not know when enough is enough. Having made too much of a bad thing in his earlier films, he now makes too much of a basically good thing.

Far from simply transcribing Sandy Wilson's 1954 Broadway pastiche of 1920s musicals, Russell's screenplay frames it within several other stories. The main one deals with a seedy repertory troupe that is performing *The Boy Friend* somewhere in the English provinces. This device enables Russell not only to show the troupe doing scenes from the show but at the same time affectionately to mock the whole genre of backstage musicals.

The troupe's leading lady breaks her ankle, and the mousy, bespectacled assistant stage manager (Twiggy) is dragged into taking over her role. The director (Max Adrian) even tells her: "You're going out there as a youngster, but you've got to come back a star." Sure enough, she does, for in the audience that day is the great Hollywood director De Thrill (Vladik Sheybal). While he watches the performance, he fantasizes how he would shoot the production numbers, enabling Russell to imitate the old Bushy Berkeley-style movie musicals.

This film represents Twiggy's acting debut and, except for a brief turn in a TV commercial a few years back, her first professional singing and dancing. With plans for further film musicals already under way, it seems she is fully embarked on a second career at the ripe age of 22. As the stage manager, she does not yet consistently manage the stage, except for some fancy tap dancing. She is most effective when she has to portray awkwardness, shyness, winsome young love. How much of this is performance and how much mere exploitation of her rather endearing presence? Twiggy would not be the first performer to build a movie career on presence alone.

Otherwise, the Ken Russell stock company gets a good workout. Christopher Gable, Tchaikovsky's decadent homosexual friend in *The Music Lovers*, is all chorus-boy charm as Twiggy's co-star. Adrian is preposterously hammy as the preposterous hum of a repertory director. And who is that actress who turns in a fetching, funny cameo performance as the leading lady with the broken ankle? Why, it's—Glenda Jackson!

The Boy Friend exudes vo-do-de-o-do period flavor, and visually it is as wild

with flamboyant color and movement. Its frequent fantasy sequences, however, are too frequent and sometimes not fantastic enough (a Grecian episode disastrously resembles a small-town Hellenic Society on its spring outing). The best numbers are the homages to Berkeley, with their overhead shots of chorines in kaleidoscope patterns. *Afficionados* of old movie musicals will love these scenes—but not as much as Russell, who can hardly bring himself to end them. A spoof of a spoof, this two-hour-plus film sometimes seems to reprise every reprise.

—Christopher Porterfield

Ken Russell is generally regarded as something between a genius and a maniac—or perhaps a little of both.



RUSSELL DIRECTING "THE MUSIC LOVERS"
Nudges, grunts and explosions.

"He is pigheaded, self-indulgent, arrogant, masochistic," says Imogen Claire, who has played in four of Russell's films. "But I like working with him more than anyone else." Oliver Reed, who played leads in *Women in Love* and *The Devils*, says it takes months to recuperate from an exposure to Russell. "One begins to forgive him only when one has divorced oneself from him. People say they will never do another Russell film, but they all go back."

The inspirer of such love-hate feelings has long gray locks, chubby pink cheeks and an apple-shaped figure. A onetime sailor, onetime ballet dancer, Russell now looks, at 44, rather like an amiable monk. On a set, though, the monk turns into Rasputin, roaring, stamping his feet, cracking a riding whip

on the floor. Whole scenes, including choreography, are often invented after the cameras begin turning. "Instant creation," Russell calls it, beaming.

Says Actress Glenda Jackson, who won an Oscar for *Women in Love*: "There are no grays about him. He does have explosions, but he tends to leave the actors alone. He's not arrogant because he is too open to suggestions." Richard Chamberlain's assessment: "He directs actors through a kind of osmosis which is seldom verbal. He just pushes and nudges and grunts. After three days you get the hang of what he wants."

What he wants is the dramatization of a vision, and it is not easy to explain. "I make a happening on the screen between music and images," he says. "I

am very conscious of movement, the way the actor moves, the way the camera moves, choreography. Sometimes I fight against it, sometimes I don't."

"My characteristic as a director is to let the subject take over the film. If the subject is romantic and red-blooded, I believe in handling it in a romantic, red-blooded way. But working on *The Boy Friend* was more traumatic. No one knows how to make those musicals now, and the resources are inadequate." Russell himself not only wrote the treatment and screenplay for *The Boy Friend* and negotiated the \$2.4 million financing, but also knew every bar of the music, checked every detail of props, makeup, costumes, even hair styles. He escorted Twiggy to her hairdresser to check her haircut for *The Boy Friend*, later embarked on a feud with her and her bearded mentor and manager Justin de Villeneuve. Twiggy at first called the whole experience "a nightmare," but now that the "cooling-off" period is about over, she speaks more cheerfully of those days: "He believed in me. Sure, he shouted at me a couple of times. But he was usually quite up."

Russell has always been quite up. He fell in love with film at age three, and at six was sometimes watching three movies a day. In nautical college he dismayed the commander by having the cadets do drag imitations of Betty Grable and Carmen Miranda. After a hitch in the R.A.F., he danced with the Norwegian ballet, finally took up still photography before making his name with BBC television biographies of artists.

Facing the prospect of directing his first American superstar, Barbara Streisand, in a film biography of Sarah Bernhardt, Russell says he finds all his movies equally nerve-racking: "There is really no difference between nuns with no clothes on and tap dancers in goggles. It is all material."

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The Sistine Chapel. Text by Roberto Salvini, Ettore Camesasca and C.L. Ragghianti. Vol. I, 307 pages; Vol. II, unpagged. Abrams, \$275. When Michelangelo reluctantly began painting the ceiling in 1508, he still thought of himself primarily as a sculptor. He worked for years, mostly standing on his back, as hoary legend has it, and was interrupted by cramps, colds and periodic skirmishes with his testy patron, Pope Julius II. When he finished in 1512, he was justly famous as "the divine Michelangelo." Ever since, writers have gossiped about, art historians studied, painters stolen from, and crowds journeyed to Rome to stare in wonder at the most massive and majestic blend of worldly splendor and Christian message that the Renaissance produced. Even though these two volumes cost almost exactly as much as youth-fare flight to Rome, plus five days in a modest *pensione*, they provide more information—as well as more lasting, detailed and dramatic visions of the Sistine Chapel—than any tourist visit.

The Compact Edition of the Oxford English Dictionary. Complete text reproduced micrographically, 4,116 pages. Oxford, 2 vols. With magnifying glass, \$75. The complete *O.E.D.* took more than 70 years to prepare and runs to 13 volumes because it gives simple quotations, going back farther than William the Conqueror, showing how words have changed color through the ages. Before becoming a game, Badminton served variously as the name of an English country estate and a cooling drink. As late as 1848, "snoop" meant "to appropriate or consume dainties in a clandestine manner." The word doom was a synonym for statute until legal proceedings and human nature changed its meaning. Even though the microprinting can be read only with the accompanying magnifying glass, which makes for hard browsing, the whole *O.E.D.* in two volumes is the etymological buy of a decade.

Edward Hopper by Lloyd Goodrich. 306 pages. Abrams, \$50. Lloyd Goodrich is an accepted authority on Edward Hopper, but his prose, a mass of uninformative fatuity, confines itself to such perceptions as "One of the outstanding characteristics of Hopper's art was his unwavering consistency." The reproductions are embarrassingly overglossy. Still this is the first book to present all Hopper's work in a large format, and that at least is a service to the memory of a spare, quiet and lucid painter of the American scene.

The Life and Complete Work of Francisco Goya by Pierre Gassier and Juliet Wilson. Reynal and William Morrow. \$50. There was room for just one more book on Goya and this is it—the first complete edition of his works. From the pastoral sweetness in the early tapestry designs to devouring melancholy in the Black Paintings, Goya's creations record one of the broadest, most intricate and energetic imaginations in art history. Gassier and Wilson are indispensable

guides, as they take up every known painting, fresco, drawing and print by Goya and link the whole with a biographical narrative. The plates, though small, are clear: the book completely justifies its price.

G. Braque by Francis Ponge and Pierre Des-cargues. 261 pages. Abrams, \$45. The strong point of this lavish volume is the meticulous reproduction, mostly in subdued, subtle colors, of 134 of Braque's works, including several of the undulating late canvases that are less familiar to museumgoers. Alas, the pictures are accompanied by a mawkish, oddly defensive, thoroughly Giallic text, which runs on about "things as they are at this moment of what is called history."

\$30 to \$40

Gaudi the Visionary by Robert Descharnes, photographs by Clovis Prévost. 247 pages. Viking, \$40. A dazzling visual tour through the dreams, means and extremes of Antonio Gaudí, Catalonia's greatest architect (1852-1926). Main subject: the design and construction of the Church of the Holy Family in Barcelona, an unfinished masterpiece of sculpture-encrusted spires and portals that is surely the 20th century's most fantastic piece of architecture. The text is brilliant, compassionate, often wildly funny.

Twenty Silver Ghosts: The Incomparable Pre-World War I Rolls-Royce. Paintings by Melbourne Brindle; text by Phil May. 139 pages. McGraw-Hill, \$39.50. For the price of this 18-in. by 15-in. volume, one could easily buy into the troubled Rolls-Royce company, whose common stock has sold for less than \$5 a share. At worst, the book's glossy pages would make far more attractive wallpaper than old stock certificates. The paintings of these aristocratic vehicles show something of the flattering veneration that successful portrait painters inject into their likenesses of the rich and titled. Such vintage relics of the Edwardian Age as the Maudslayi-Bodied Shooting Brake and the Self-Driving Phaeton with Dickey Seat are shining talismans to hold against the vision of an internal-combustion apocalypse.

Eyewitness to Space. Text by Hereward Lester Cooke. 227 pages. Abrams, \$35. Throughout the Apollo program, NASA commissioned painters to record their impressions all over the world—from the drama of recoveries to the intricacies of equipment. Did the artists accomplish what charts and cameras could not? The answer is yes. One lingers in silence over these images, away from TV's technical jargon, the spacemen's clichés and the hard, restless eye of the lens. The intensity of response can be surprising.

The Romance of Ballooning: The Story of the Early Aeronauts. 197 pages. Viking, \$35. When French peasants saw the first successful balloon over the trees in 1783, they thought the moon had fallen to announce Judgment Day. Ever since, manned ballooning has caught the inquisitive and festive imagination of millions.

The pleasure of this historical survey is that, from the pioneering Montgolfier brothers to Modern Expert Fred Dolder, who offers a primer for the newly smitten, it almost exclusively uses the excited words and pictures of the enthusiasts themselves. It should be noted, though, that the price of a balloon ranges from about \$6,000 to about \$12,000. Gas is extra.

American Indian Art by Norman Feder. 445 pages. Abrams. \$35. A connoisseur's collection of Indian painting, weaving, carving and mask designs put together by the Denver Museum director responsible for the fine Indian art show now at Manhattan's Whitney Museum (TIME, Dec. 6). Amid a plethora of the overphotostereod and overpriced, this book is a notable example of wampum well spent.

The Riddle of the Sands by Erskine Childers. 261 pages. Barre Press, Imprint Society. \$35. Written in 1903, this is still the world's greatest sailing suspense tale. It makes the cruise of two Edwardian Englishmen in tidal waters around Germany as immediate and harrowing as last summer's cruise to Cuttyhunk. Any sailor who hasn't read the book should do so. Unhappily, this special edition is tarted up with Rorschach-like woodcut-and-wash color illustrations, thus sabotaging the realism of tidal charts, maps and seamanlike detail. Readers with unlimited budgets might consider tearing out the pictures and billing the Imprint Society for, say, \$30.

The Lore of Flight. Edited by John W.R. Taylor. 430 pages. Tre Tryckare and Time-Life Books. \$30. From Leonardo da Vinci's arm-powered-aircraft design to the last entry (Zurich airport) in the book's splendidly detailed Encyclopaedic Index, this is the literary package best calculated to keep air-minded readers desk- or rug-bound for weeks. What sets the book apart is not only how much it has packed into reasonably small compass, but the precision and beauty of its illustrations, including galleries of great flying machines from then to now.

\$20 to \$25

Masters of Naive Art by Oto Bihalji-Merin. 304 pages. McGraw-Hill. \$25. This is not a case of over the river and through the trees to Girandma Moses we go. Instead, the author passionately but knowledgeably presides over a fabulous show-and-tell session spanning centuries and continents, the works of French customs officers and African chieftains. He demonstrates how dazzling, various and disarmingly sophisticated "naive" and "primitive" painting can be. A compendious and joyful package.

The Art of the Old West. Edited by Paul A. Rossi and David C. Hunt. 335 pages. Knopf. \$25. Outstandingly handsome and informative frontier trip, even for those who cannot tell a Remington from a Winchester.

Specimen Days by Walt Whitman. 197 pages. Godine. \$25. It was Randall Jarrell who said that Walt Whitman is usually written about "as if he were the hero of a DeMille movie about Walt Whitman." These memoirs should provide a freshening reminder that he was a gentle, reticent, large-minded man. Included are early recollections, the famous Civil War journals, and some serene "nature notes" from his last years. Il-

lustrated by 133 contemporary photographs, including many by Brady and Eakins, the book is one of the year's handsomest and most appropriately produced.

The Creation by Ernst Haas. 159 pages. Viking. \$25. Formula for a non-book: begin with the text of *Genesis*. Rummage through some photographer's lifetime supply of color transparencies for views of earth, air, fire and water, not to mention birds, beasts and fishes. Lay out in appropriate categories suggesting that the photographer has just been commissioned by some celestial art director to illustrate the King James Version. Bind and promote with reverence. Because Haas is an artist, the result is dazzling.

The World Atlas of Wine by Hugh Johnson. 272 pages. Simon & Schuster. \$22.95. Last year's lavish token to Bacchus, *The Great Book of Wine* (World), cost \$50. This year's is four times the book at half the price. Intelligently organized, precisely written and sensibly illustrated, the *Atlas* should prove valuable for the serious oenophile and the image-conscious expense-account gourmand. One of Johnson's handy charts notes that red Burgundys from 1960, '65 and '68 are to be strenuously avoided, along with red Bordeaux for '63, '65 and '68. "Magnificent" is his term for '69 red Burgundys, though only a cad would drink them before '74.

Albrecht Dürer: Diary of His Journey to the Netherlands. Introduction by J.-A. Goris and G. Marlier. 186 pages. New York Graphic Society. \$22.50. When Pope Leo X excommunicated Albrecht Dürer for his Lutheran sympathies in 1520, Germany's greatest artist packed himself off for a year in the Low Countries to draw, sell sheaves of his own work and frequent painters, princes and philosophers. Dürer was the kind of man who listed the cost of everything from pig's bristles to fig cheese. But his account has long and justly been a prime source of fascinating detail about the state of painting, culture and commerce in Europe's busiest trading center. This edition, with an ample and readable introduction, plus reproductions of the silverpoint sketches, drawings and paintings Dürer did along the way, is a rare and commendable blend of art and history.

A History of the Writings of Beatrix Potter by Leslie Linder. 446 pages. Frederick Warne. \$20. "Nature, though never consciously wicked, has always been ruthless." Beatrix Potter once wrote, and the remark got into this book—along with everything visual and textual that tells how the lady created the world's most charming children's books. This overpriced confection is a must for all those who regard Peter Rabbit's scrapes in Mr. McGregor's cabbage patch as pleasurably picaresque as Tom Jones' undings on the road to London, or figure that Mr. Tod v. Tommy Brock outclasses Patroclus v. Hector any day. The facsimile reproductions of Miss Potter's original illustrated letters to the Moore children would make a fine book by themselves.

\$10 to \$20

Larousse Encyclopedia of Music. Edited by Geoffrey Hindley. 576 pages. World. \$19.95. A potpourri of minstrels and melody that manages to make the songs of old Provence seem as delectable as *poulet à la provençale*. So too



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December 4, 1971

How to tell when your TIME subscription runs out

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SE75

What Do Many Doctors Use When They Suffer Pain Of Hemorrhoidal Tissues?

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porary relief for hours in many cases from pain, itching in hemorrhoidal tissues. And it actually helps shrink painful swelling of such tissues when infected and inflamed. Just see if doctor-tested Preparation H doesn't help you.

with musical greats from Palestrina and Purcell to Wagner and Webern, in a handsome treatise that is informed and comfortably free of jargon. This is primarily history, not a quick alphabetical reference aid (readers wanting that should try the *Oxford Companion to Music*). The knowing may regret the cursory treatment of American music and wonder, say, why Stravinsky and Berlioz are given chapter headings, but not Mozart or Debussy.

The Hours of Etienne Chevalier, from the Musée Condé, Chantilly. Preface by Charles Sterling. 128 pages. Bra-ziller. \$17.50. Facsimile re-creation of a Book of Hours painted for an aristocratic French nobleman about 1450. The artist, Jean Fouquet, was one of the 15th century's finest miniaturists, whose handling of celestial blues and golds as well as the soft pastels of spring landscape made him as much at home depicting heaven as earth. Fouquet's *Descent of the Holy Ghost upon the Faithful* includes squadrons of foiled devils in flight and cloaked elders in prayer. Beyond them the luminous Seine flows past the small green trees, dusty walls and spires of the Ile de la Cité, where Notre Dame Cathedral, its facade laced in gold, makes medieval Paris seem more than ever worth a Mass.

My Life and Times by Henry Miller. 204 pages. Playboy Press. \$15.50. Long before Hugh Hefner there was Henry Miller. Now at 79, the Dada of the sex revolution apparently keeps his own bunnies and when not chatting or nuzzling the cleavage of some visiting beauty, plays a steady defense game of Zen Ping Pong. This is a good example of coffee-table autobiography. It offers reproductions of Miller's corrected manuscript pages, and eight full-page color plates of the master's own sentimental paintings.

The White Nile by Alan Moorehead. 368 pages. Harper & Row. \$15. Handsomely and intelligently illustrated in this re-issue, this decade-old chronicle of the river, its sources and explorers stands up as fine travel history. The heroes, of course, are the eccentric British explorers of the last century: Burton, Speke, Baker, Livingstone. Through primitive lands, fierce populations and climates, and frequent pestilence, they

EXPLORER STANLEY (RIGHT) IN AFRICA



hunted the Nile to its source in Lake Victoria—as Moorehead puts it, “a sunburst of Victorian courage.”

The Compleat Naturalist: A Life of Linnaeus by Wilfrid Blunt. 256 pages. Viking. \$14.95. The study of 18th century science can be an ennobling exercise. Outstanding men rose to survey and catalogue Nature's radiant data into logical systems. In Sweden, Carl Linné—Linnaeus to the world—collected, named and scientifically organized plants for the first time in history. Wilfrid Blunt's richly decorated biography admirably illustrates how Linnaeus' single-mindedness and plodding devotion to stamens and pistils laid the foundation of modern botany.



HENRY VIII IN 1511

Henry VIII and His Court by Neville Williams. 271 pages. Macmillan. \$12.95. The fascination stems not from all those spouses but from all the fact and trivia about life—and death—in a 16th century royal court. We find Henry on a peacetime visit to France accompanied by a retinue of 4,000. His infant son was a breast-fed baby whose household at birth included a carver, a baker and a cellarman. Statesmen, churchmen, mistresses, artists—heads roll by until the reader feels as much in the domain of fiction as history. The many illustrations, including noble portraits by Holbein, only enhance the impression.

Van Gogh's "Diary." Edited by Jan Hulsker. 168 pages. Morrow. \$12.50. A happy marriage of Van Gogh's letters and art, arranged chronologically so that the artist's sparse, honest words become an eloquent, often moving commentary on his highly charged work. Even as madness isolates him, Van Gogh remains totally in control of both his media. The reproductions are excellent.

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Guerrilla Television by Michael Shambert and Raintance Corp. Illustrated. 108 pages. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. \$7.95. In Shambert's "information economy," people will live with their own home video cameras "feeding

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themselves back to themselves to develop a sense of video self and video grammar, and meanwhile building up a personal and public access video data bank." Good luck. Yet above this book's McLuhanoid jargon and hughouse semantics, one challenging notion shimmers: the hope that the power of commercial television can be decentralized.

Romanesque Art by George Zarnecki. 196 pages. Universe Books. \$6.95. The author's first paragraph—typical of the text—is a veritable tympanum of qualification about the very existence of a "Romanesque period," which suggests to the reader that he is about to embark on a speculation about life on Venus rather than a discussion of one of Western civilization's great artistic realities. Happily, the black-and-white photographs warm up the 900-year-old stones they portray, and the 45 color plates are subtle and ungarish. Despite some faults (only one photo of Vézelay and no map of anything), it is a genuine art book bargain that brings alive a time when Europeans, recovering from the Dark Ages, began to build austere churches and decorate them with frenzies of sculpture.

Notes in Hand by Claes Oldenburg. Unpaged. Dutton. \$6.95. Proof that good things still come in small packages, this 6-in. by 4½-in. book presents 50 of Pop Sculptor Oldenburg's sketches reduced to one-quarter of their original size, but with no diminution in wit or imagination. Who else can turn a pie into a typewriter before your eyes, or a pork chop into a brassière?

Touch the Earth: A Self-Portrait of Indian Existence. Compiled by T.C. McLuhan. 185 pages. Outerbridge & Dienstfrey. \$6.95. Marshall McLuhan's daughter has opened a small inverted generation gap by matching sepia-tone photos of American Indians with their old-fashioned linear laments about the Great Spirit's land going under the plow.

An Osborn Festival of Phobias. Text by Eve Wengler. Unpaged. Liveright. \$6.95. Robert Osborn's cartoons seem perfunctory, but where else can one quickly brush up on the meaning of erythrophobia, pogonophobia, comapocophobia, metopogrammoscopophobia or autophobophobia (fear of blushing, beards, haircuts, having one's character read by the lines in one's forehead, one's own fears)?

The Lost Whole Earth Catalog. 447 pages. Portola Institute/Random House. \$5. The last—though the first bestseller—in the series of cheerfully ingenuous catalogues of items (water pumps, canoes, books, domes) for anyone seeking self-sufficiency, even vicariously. The implicit message: escape from a consumer-oriented industrial society takes a lot of hard work—and a willingness to spend some money.

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